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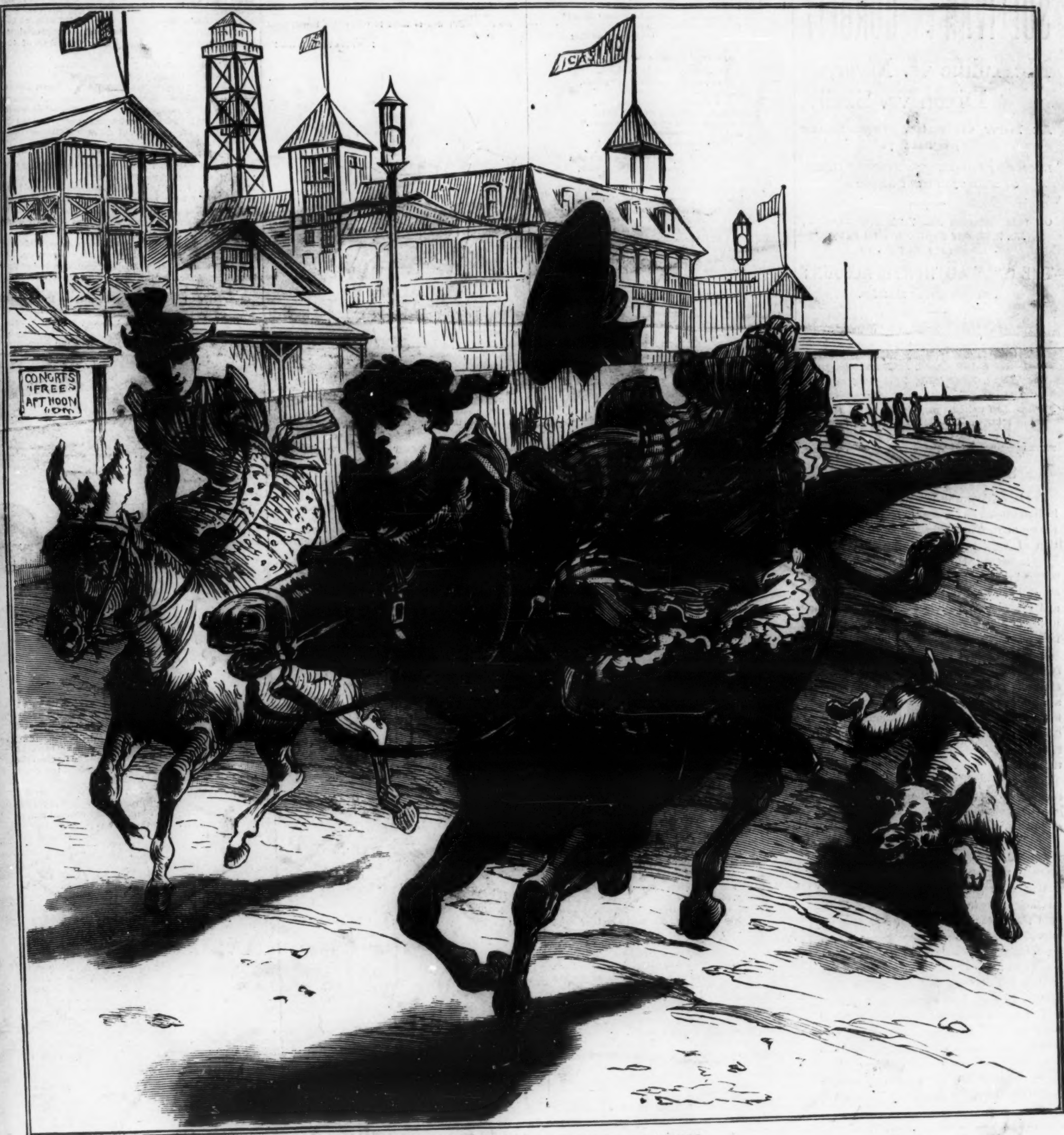
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

VOLUME LX.—No. 782.
Price Ten Cents.



DOG, "DONK" AND DAISY.

A FRISKY PUP ADDS LIFE TO A CONEY ISLAND DONKEY, VERY MUCH TO THE DISCOMFORT OF A PRETTY GIRL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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SULLIVAN vs. CORBETT.

McAuliffe vs. Myer,
Dixon vs. Skelly.

At New Orleans, September 5, 6 and 7.

LOOK OUT FOR THE TWO GREAT ISSUES OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."

On this occasion No. 784, out Sept. 7; No. 785, out Sept. 10, will fully illustrate and give

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT of these Great Battles.

Now is the time to give your News Agents the order to save you a copy of each one of these numbers. McAuliffe-Myer Fight, and will be published Sept. 7; and No. 785 will contain the Sullivan-Corbett and Dixon-Skelly Fights, and will be published Sept. 10.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

SERIOUS LABOR RIOTS.

The labor riots which began so disastrously in Homestead, Pa., appear to be spreading over the country. Three States are now in a condition of almost violent insurrection. Gov. Flower has called out the militia to quell the railroad rioters at Buffalo, N. Y.; the soldiers are still doing active service at Homestead, Pa., and the eastern part of Tennessee is at the mercy of a mob of 3,000 armed and desperate miners. Life and property are imperilled.

As yet there has been no bloodshed in this State, but much railroad property has been destroyed. The prompt response to the call to arms undoubtedly prevented further violence, but the condition is still so serious that the Governor believes it expedient to keep the entire National Guard in readiness to march to the scene of action at a moment's notice.

In Homestead there was a brief skirmish between the strikers and the militia the other day. Several rounds of shots were exchanged, but fortunately no lives were forfeited.

The situation in Tennessee, however, is more serious. Up to the present time the troops have been unable to successfully cope with the striking miners. The soldiers have been routed from their strongholds and the mob is in undisputed possession of the eastern part of the State. They have captured Tracy City, Inman, Oliver Springs and Coal Creek, driven the soldiers away and burned the stockades. The governor has ordered out the entire State militia and a serious conflict is looked forward to. The miners are reported to have received reinforcements from Kentucky and are prepared to make a stubborn fight against the authorities. They are all heavily armed and are desperate men in an encounter. The outcome of the struggle is awaited with great anxiety.

Meanwhile, what are we coming to?

MASKS AND FACES.

Extravaganza and Burlesque,
Season of '92-'93.

SUMMER SEASON SIRENS.

Idle Interviews—Farce and
Ladylike Legit.

OUR MARY'S FAMOUS KISS.

On ocean racers hastening home,
See all our histrionic legions!
Not a'en the news of that "hot wave"
Can keep them from these torrid regions;
Their backs on Switzerland they turn:
Throw Baedekers away, spurn Murray;
And to the season's duties rush
And crowd in an ecstatic hurry.

This one to London town has been
And bought a new play, full of fade,
In which the ladies all talk slang,
The men say "Bah Javes!" and "Egad!"
Immaculate in morning dress
He hopes through five acts to go walking
And doing such heroic deeds
As shall set all the critics talking.

And this one hurries from Far-se,
Where, while hibernating with Bardou,
He chanced upon a mighty plot,
With murders and abductions blue;
He made the witty Frenchman write
This plot out in a four-act "hammer,"
And with it he intends to make
A fortune ere the close of summer!

Oh! trunks on trunks, quite mountain high
Our players homeward all are bringing;
They count on garments quite as much
As on their acting or their singing;
Now Uncle Sam must close his eyes
And let the merry smugglers in,
That they their new wardrobes may begin.

The poet is quite right.
The theatrical season of '92-'93 is open.
Daniel Frohman has presented Bothorn in "Letter-blair," at the Lyceum.
A. Y. Pearson exhibits "The White Squadron" at the Fourteenth Street.
Lou Weed launched "Jerry" at the Windsor.
J. M. Hill introduced Lillian Lewis in "Lady Lil," to



FARCE COMEDY.

the audiences of the Standard. De Wolff Hopper again wends his artistic way in "Wang," at the Broadway.

Rosenquest will soon open the Bijou with Jennie Yeamans. Dunlevy will soon brush the summer cobwebs from the new Park.

Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest are back from Europe and air themselves on Broadway.

The enchanting extravaganza, the siren song-and-dance artist, the bold, bad burlesquer, the fair farce comedienne, the ladylike legit, are all getting ready their wiles and their skirts, their make-up boxes, their smiles, their diamonds, their stage mammas, and their trunks for the impending season.

Dixey, in "The Mascot," is still at Palmer's. Gilbert in "Sinbad," is at the Garden. Connor, in "Trip to Chinatown," is at the Madison Square. Gardner has closed his Metropolitan comedian at the Union Square.

Tim Murphy, clever comedian and good fellow, is in town making sketches, giving imitations, drawing caricatures, drinking midnight coffee and smoking strong segars.

"Donato, an ex-bull-fighter, was the man who may be said to have originated the skirt dance, now so popular," said Capt. Thompson to me the other afternoon. "He had lost a leg, gored by a bull, in Spain, and when he came to London, he sang on the stage for a living. Enveloped in a big cloak, Donato stood on his one leg, danced and postured, and folded the long flowing coat about him as he danced and postured, much as Lole Fuller and Minnie Renwood do to-day."

Harry Neagle, just back from London, says Vaudeville is all the rage over there, and regular theatrical business dull. He says "Lights of Home" has one of the best shipwreck scenes he ever saw.

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Lester Gurney, the amiable secretary of the Actors' Fund, was one of the star visitors at Patchogue this summer, and his fishing exploits created almost as much talk in that town as did the bathing exploits of



SONG AND DANCE.

Minnie Seligman, Geraldine McCann, Mae Branson and Della Fox at Long Branch.

The merry little soubrette now woos the summer breeze,
And dangles in a hammock underneath the spreading trees,
And in the surf she daily dips in jaunty bathing dress
That fits her like a glove—not an inch the more or less.
She flutters in the breezes as she walks across the sand,
And all the dudes with open mouths in admiration stand.
But if a wave should come too near she shrinks in great dismay,
For she doesn't like to bathe in that rough, horrid, liquid way.

Never in a case like that!



EXTRAVAGANZA.

Her handsome sea-hog feet the ocean waves would get
So she couldn't in a case like that,.....get wet.
In a dashing silken suit and hat,
Just beyond the ocean's reach
She sits upon the beach.

Never further in a case like that!

Ada Dare, Hattie Delaro and Xenia Carlsadt are among the prettiest girls in "Sinbad," at the Garden Theatre. Jessie Villiers, who plays the old maid in the extravaganza, is one of the most versatile actresses on any stage. I remember her excellent *Opelia* when some years ago she supported James Owen O'Connor, who tried to play the jealous gentleman in black.

On Broadway I spot Charles Morello, the wiry wire artist; Mark Sullivan, El Hefferman, Jim Sullivan, with a diamond in his shirt, and the manuscript of "A Fatal Gift" under his arm. S. Goodfriend, the press agent; H. Quintus Brooks, the advertising agent; Ed Alexander, the news agent, are in the summer throng. Lee Harrison, Clara Qualitis and Beatrice Hamilton have gone to bathe in champagne in Boston, and Ted Peiper, Wemya Henderson, T. Henry French and Fred Giles drink crême de menthe to their memory in Madison Square. W. A. Brady is enthusiastic as ever over Jim Corbett. Dan Shelby is busy over "The Black Detective," his new comedy-melodramatic venture. Jim Thornton, with his songs, is winning golden opinions on the road. Ed Stone is busy computing the combined age of his stars, Henshaw and Ten Brock. Dave Warfield is supporting Annie Lewis. Andrew Mack, the singer, is getting ready to star. Edith Kenward, the dancer, indulges in exotic slang. Edith Craike, in blue, and Francescina Paris, in white,



LEGIT.

nightly gyrate on tip-toe in wild terpsichorean whirls at the Garden. Virginia Harned and Ed Bothorn occupied a box at the Fifth Avenue. Lizzie Derious Daly does not win much applause, by her songs or her

dances, at the Casino, but Stainville, the imitator, is way in it. Belle Harts, soubrette and wit, daily airs her dainty personality on Broadway.
Speaking of variety and serio-comics, I suspect Louis Harrison of having written this satirical verse on the modern music hall craze.

No more librettos filled with puns,
Torn from Joe Miller's ancient pages;
No more of bouffes, absurd and quaint,
To give the dago dummies his wages
For singing in a foreign tongue,
With little taste and mighty "gali;"
We're comic, yet we're virtuous—
We artists of the music hall.

Away with plays which quite fatigue
The heads already tired by stocks;
Put in the song—the dance grotesque—
The act which like the lightning shocks;
Then hear the enraptured public laugh,
And us before the curtain call;
That shows that "we are in it" now—
We artists of the music hall.

And what sensation more sublime
Than listening to a roaring song.
While sipping at the sparkling "fizz"—
Such joys to music hall's belong.
Close up, ye theatres, your doors!
And strip your posters from the wall,
Unless you cry for help from us—
The artists of the music hall!

I overheard a conversation between two critics the other night. One critic was Mr. Dorchester Hights, of Boston, the other was Mr. Jack Park, of Chicago. They discussed a certain actor. "In his acting," remarked the Boston critic, "I discovered with a single, and, as it were, casual glance, that there were lacking most apparently the first requisites necessary for the achievement of his ambition—who shall say it is not a noble one!—to become a high and exalted luminary of the Thespian art. And so, in my critique, it became incumbent upon me, as a true exponent of my convictions, to launch upon him my severest and harshest disapprobation, the which I did with no covert attempt to disguise in the most infinitesimal degree my dissatisfaction with his interpretation of the dramatist's—"

"Yes," observed the Chicago dramatic critic, "I ripped him up the back myself!"
Days Warfield, comedian, and Ed Thurnauer, agent, had a lively discussion as to the relative importance of actors and agents, at Asbury Park the other evening. Finally, Thurnauer got angry, and with his two hundred and forty pounds of intelligence, blurted out contemptuously:

"I suppose the actors draw the house!"
"No," promptly and laughingly answered Warfield, "the house comes to see the agent!"
The weather has been red hot these days, so hot, in fact, that I have more than once thought of Mary Anderson's famous kiss. The play was "Pygmalion and Galatea," and I remember that kiss perfectly during one of the acts of the play.

When the great sculptor put his arm around the innocent Galatea every one knew that it was coming. The fair-haired fop in full dress sitting in one of the boxes leaned far over the rail, in a half-gasping sort of way.

Mary straightened herself somewhat as Pygmalion began to loom up in the proximity of her face. Then Pygmalion's cranium began traveling back from the fair face.

The audience gave a sigh of relief, and the young



BURLESQUE.

man in the box sank back in his chair with an expression of salvation written all over his countenance. In a moment he got up and drew on his fur-trimmed overcoat and turned up the collar.

Somebody over in the parquet circle sneezed, an usher tiptoed up one of the aisles until he reached the door, then he placed both hands up against the crack as if trying to shut off the draught.

The audience was shivering. Dr. Hamilton Griffin, the actress's adopted papa, who was present in the auditorium, sent for the engineer and ordered him to get up more steam. The theatre was chilly.

And so was—

Tew Rosen

STATEN ISLAND SCANDALIZED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mary M. Boothe, a young mulatto girl, employed as waiting maid to Mrs. James H. Rogers, wife of the proprietor of the Hotel Castleton, New Brighton, S. I., recently swore out a warrant for the arrest of James Lansing Rogers, son of James H. Rogers, on a charge of assault. Miss Boothe claims that the youth forced an entrance to her room. She ordered him out, when he seized her and attempted to throw her to the floor. Later he returned and threatened to shoot her. Rogers says on the night in question he was under the influence of liquor and does not recollect what he did.

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WAR IN TENNESSEE!

Armed Miners Attack
Four Towns and Shoot
Down Defenders.

HARD-FOUGHT BATTLES.

Stockades at Tracy City, In-
man and Oliver Springs
Taken and Burned.

BATTLE AT COAL CREEK.

Col. Anderson's Little Garrison
Makes a Brave Defense.

GEN. CARNES TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Strikes and riots are still rampant. The trouble which began at Homestead, Pa., has spread. Tennessee is in a state of insurrection. The New York State militia has been called to arms to quell the rioters at Buffalo. At Homestead, Pa., the soldiers are still doing active service, and there was a conflict between them and the strikers a few days ago.

It is in Tennessee, however, where the greatest alarm is felt. For a week or more 8,000 armed miners were in possession of the eastern part of the State, and terror reigned. They captured Tracy City, Inman and Oliver Springs, and made a desperate attack on Coal Creek. The battle at the latter place resulted in a great loss of life.

The miners met with but little resistance at Tracy City and Inman, and after capturing the strongholds and releasing the convicts they immediately burned the stockades. Then they marched in a body upon Oliver Springs. This stockade was defended by thirty or forty soldiers and a few guards. The attacking party, however, is said to have numbered 1,800. The defenders saw the folly of resistance and surrendered. The victorious miners took possession of all the arms, loaded the convicts and soldiers on a cattle train and started them off. Then the miners poured oil over the stockade and burned it.

Great excitement was caused in Knoxville, Memphis, and other cities by the outbreak, and the Governor was denounced for not calling out the entire State militia.

The miners then marched on Coal Creek with the same determination to wipe out the little garrison of 150 men commanded by Col. Anderson, a brave ex-Confederate soldier. The attack was made on August 18, and a fierce battle was fought. Assault after assault was made, but the little garrison made a brave

Col. Kellar Anderson has been surrendered to Gen. Carnes by the miners. He is alive and well. Gen. Carnes passed through Knoxville yesterday evening at 7.30 o'clock. This morning he advanced on Coal Creek, capturing the town and several miners. He notified the insurgents, who were camped near by, that unless they surrendered Col. Kellar Anderson he would put his prisoners to death.

sion ensued. Scouts in advance of the line had either failed to do their duty or been captured, and the position of the miners was not known. The forward movement was very cautiously made. Gen. Carnes and his heterogeneous army of citizens and about three hundred militia left the train at Offutt Station, fearing a trap somewhere on the railroad, and pushed forward across the country.



GEN. CARNES' DIVISION SURPRISED.

They promised to make the exchange, but instead of doing so effected a sortie and intrenched themselves in the town from which Gen. Carnes had temporarily withdrawn.

Gen. Carnes advanced again and at 4 o'clock had possession of Coal Creek and 200 prisoners. He again sent forth a demand for Col. Anderson, and this time the prisoner was produced unhurt. Col. Anderson had been kept all night in the moun-

As they cautiously felt their way amid the rocks and rushing streams of the mountains a sudden explosion from a bomb of dynamite startled the men as they shook the clogging mud from their overburdened shoes or wrung the accumulated rain-water from their sodden clothing. From Offutt to Coal Creek, by the route taken by the column of Gen. Carnes, was a laborious climb, and as laborious a descent of a mountain pass as the foothills of the Cumberland range affords anywhere, and is good eight miles, as you go but "one thousand as you slip."

At the head of the column cautiously pushed out from the cloud of fog and darkness which had enveloped it as it came down the side of the mountain, a shot rang out. A young soldier named Walthall had gotten upon a rock to try and get a view, when he was struck by a ball and fell headlong among his comrades a corpse.

A body of miners had chosen a sheltered rock which formed a natural defense, and from its shelter fired a volley which caused the only casualty. Curiously enough, the miners had taken no other provision to prevent the rear attack, their outposts being the volunteer service of a few men who felt the dangers of an exchange of clothing which capture would mean. A mad rush was made for the cover of the rocks and trees of the mountains.

Not all were so craven, for a desultory firing began and was kept up for a while. One or two of the militiamen were struck by their bullets. Eighteen of the miners were captured, the balance having escaped into the woods.

Gen. Carnes' advance guard at once formed into a charging line, and after receiving a scattering volley from a few who failed to take the first opportunity of escaping from the rapidly approaching arm and hand of the law, two of the Sheriff's posse, John Walthall, a clerk in the offices of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia road, of Knoxville, and Bosh Givens, also of Knoxville, were shot and killed.

This detachment had a most arduous task to perform in crossing the mountain at night in the midst of a heavy rain and lowering clouds of mist, which made it impossible to distinguish objects more than a few feet away, with an unknown and supposedly alert enemy surrounding them. Every rock, bush and tree might be the hiding-place of an enemy, and there was an almost certain fight in front of them when they should arrive in the locality of Camp Anderson. It was under cover of night that they were enabled to reach their destination almost without disaster.

At Clinton, before leaving for the immediate front, they were subjected to innuendoes and threats, with numerous bits of information that the way was lined with dynamite and strong bodies of well-armed and disciplined miners swarming on every side.

Two bodies of dead miners were found after the skirmish, and several wounded were taken in and cared for. With these exceptions, the casualties among the miners are unknown.

The Riots at Buffalo, N. Y.

The strike of the switchmen in the Cheektowaga freight yards at Buffalo, N. Y., resulted in Gov. Flower calling out the State militia. The strikers are said to number from 300 to 400 men, but their sympathizers are reported to number thousands. On Aug. 15 rioting began. Trains were blockaded and freight cars burned. Sheriff Beck called on the Sixty-fifth Regi-

ment of Buffalo, and the soldiers took possession of the yards on Aug. 16. The situation became serious. Trains were stalled, and a conflict between the authorities and the rioters was imminent. The present force was inadequate to guard the railroad property, and finally the Sheriff and Mayor appealed to the Governor. The latter ordered the entire State militia under arms, and 8,000 armed soldiers were at once dispatched to the scene of the riot. Among the regiments who left for Buffalo on Aug. 18 were the Twelfth, Seventy-first, Troop A and Twenty-second of this city and the Thirteenth and Twenty-third of Brooklyn. All the other regiments were held in readiness.

The presence of the militia at Buffalo broke the blockade and trains began to run with more regularity. The people of Buffalo also rested more comfortably. The yards and the miles of tracks were placed under military guard. There was no conflict between the strikers and soldiers, but the latter were compelled to submit to insults and taunts. On one or two occasions the militia charged the mob with fixed bayonets in order to disperse them. No shots were fired, and with the exception of two soldiers killed by accident, no casualties were reported. One soldier was shot by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of a comrade, and another was crushed to death by a freight car.

Since the militia took possession of the city there has been no outbreak, but the situation is still very grave, and the authorities deem it expedient to keep 8,000 soldiers on the spot, and hold the remainder of the National Guard in readiness for an emergency.

The Trouble at Homestead, Pa.

The trouble at Homestead, Pa., has not been settled. The militia are still on guard, and on the night of



IN AMBUSH.

August 17 there was a sharp but brief conflict between the soldiers and the strikers. On the evening in question, as a freight train was crossing over the "Fem-licky" bridge at Homestead, going south, some one on the train opened fire on the steamboat Little Bill, which was moored this side of the bridge. Several shots were fired in rapid succession. Those persons who were in the pilot house narrowly escaped death.

The soldiers guarding the boat opened fire on the train. The provisional guard on the other side of the river joined in the fire, and so did the other pickets posted inside the mill. A volley of lead poured into the train, but as far as could be learned no serious damage resulted.

Provost Marshal Major Crawford heard the firing and started with a squad of men for the mill. They went on a double quick and soon were at the scene.



CAPTURE OF ANDERSON.

When the squad arrived fully 1,000 of the men in the mill were crowded along the shore.

They were greatly excited. The light from the coke ovens across the river lit up the scene. Aboard the Little Bill and the Tide soldiers were hurrying to and fro, each with his gun at half cock.

Across the river orders could be heard, clear and plain, as they were given to the provisional guard, and occasionally a shot was fired. After a search along the tracks the Marshal recalled his men and they returned to camp.

DOG, "DUNK" AND DAISY."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One afternoon recently a pretty girl hired a donkey at Coney Island for the purpose of taking a ride along the beach. Everything went lovely until a naughty dog began to snap at the heels of the patient beast of burden. Then things were somewhat lively. His donkeyship started down the beach at a Nancy Hanks gait, followed by the pup, a good second. The race was only brought to a climax when the fair rider was dumped into a sandbank. Fortunately, she was injured nothing more than a general shaking up.

Cabinet Photographs of Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer, mailed any address, on receipt of 10 cents each.



AWAITING BULLETINS IN MEMPHIS.

and effective defense. Col. Anderson was asked to surrender, but he curtly refused to do so. The soldiers had a Gatling gun, while the miners were armed with a cannon. The noise of the battle was heard in the neighboring villages, and the wildest kind of excitement ensued. Wild rumors were afloat. It was said that the little garrison had surrendered, and that Col. Anderson had been lynched by the miners.

Later dispatches stated that Col. Anderson had been captured under a flag of truce and threatened with hanging unless he ordered his command to surrender. He, however, defied his captors. This report proved true.

Meanwhile Gen. Carnes, with 700 volunteers and regulars, was on his way to rescue Col. Anderson and his garrison.

A dispatch, dated August 19, tells the following story:

Brig. Gen. Carnes, in command of the soldiers, has routed the miners at Coal Creek. He thinks he can maintain his advantage and enforce peace. He has 700 men, armed with regulation army rifles, one Gatling gun and a small field-piece.

Elegant Photographs of John L. Sullivan and James Whelan, cabinet size, 10 cents each.



DEPARTURE OF THE NEW YORK BOYS FOR BUFFALO.



ADA HENRY,

A BEWITCHING, FASCINATING AND FINE LIMBED STAGE FAVORITE OF PRETTY FACE AND CATCHING WAYS.



CARRIED AWAY BY TWO BRUTES.

LYDIA MELLER AND IRENE BLIZZARD, TWO CHESTER, PA., GIRLS, SAY THEY WERE DRUGGED AND ABDUCTED BY A COUPLE OF RUFFIANS.



STATEN ISLAND SCANDALIZED.

MARY M. BOOTHE CHARGES YOUNG JAMES L. ROGERS WITH ENTERING HER ROOM AND ASSAULTING HER, AT HOTEL CASTLETON, NEW BRIGHTON.



A CIGARETTE FIEND'S ACT.

HARRY SLATER, A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., YOUTH, ATTEMPTS TO CHLOROFORM MRS. C. E. NOBLE WHILE SHE SLEEPS.



HE HUGGED MISS KELSER

WITHOUT THAT BASHFUL YOUNG LADY'S CONSENT, AND NOW CHARLES PIERCE, OF ABSECON, N. J., IS UNDER BONDS TO REFRAIN FROM DOING SO AGAIN.



SUICIDE OF GEN. DUNN.

THE WAR VETERAN AND PROMINENT POLITICIAN, PROMPTED BY A LOVER'S QUARREL, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE IN DENVER, COLORADO.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Love-Sick Texas Couple Attempt Suicide.

PRETTY MATTIE'S SHAME.

Asbury Park's Latest Naughtiness Comes to Light.

SOME OTHER SOCIETY SHOCKS.



TWO prominent society people attempted suicide in Fort Worth, Tex., on Friday evening of last week, by swallowing 3 grains of morphine. They were Eugene P. Thorne, a traveling salesman for a San Antonio house and a married man, and Miss Mary West, a Hillsboro, Tex., belle, who had been visiting friends in Fort Worth for some time past.

The two had fallen desperately in love some months ago, but on account of Thorne's family ties they could not marry. On the night in question they went to the Arlington Inn, where they represented themselves as man and wife, and were given a room. They apparently retired, but later at night were found unconscious from the effects of the poison. The work of reviving them was carried on for several hours, and they were finally pronounced out of danger.

The affair has caused intense excitement in society circles.

Mexico, a small village of 250 inhabitants in Miami County, Ind., is greatly excited over a scandal. John G. D. Bender is a wealthy farmer living near the town, and is one of the most prominent and widely known in the county. He has a lovely daughter, Mattie, seventeen years old, who has always been a reigning belle in social circles where she moved. Her mother died fourteen years ago. Mattie became her father's housekeeper as soon as age permitted, and has in many other ways shown herself to be of lovable disposition and womanly traits.

For some time past she has been taking treatment of Dr. A. J. Dodds of Mexico, for rheumatism. She was confined to her room by frequent attacks of the illness. A few days ago her neighbor, Mrs. Ada Jenkins, called in, during a spell of sickness, to do the housework.

She found the girl suffering from severe hemorrhage. A physician was summoned and he at once declared that a childbirth had occurred. The girl was vehement in her denials, but at last broke down. Through her sobs she confessed that she had become a mother, and attributed her ruin to a young man named William Karnes, with whom she had formerly kept company. The child, she said, had been born a week previously, and had been thrown among some old clothes in an adjoining closet. A search revealed the body of the dead infant tightly wrapped in a



MATTIE TELLS OF HER SHAME.

blanket lying in a dark corner. It was a fully developed child, and had apparently been born alive, despite the young mother's declaration to the contrary. Mrs. Jenkins' husband placed the body in a box and buried it in the garden. Even then nothing was said about the matter, and it was through the merest accident and a neighbor's investigation of certain suspicious actions that the truth was learned. The girl's father is crazy over the unfortunate affair. Coroner Grandstaff is investigating the matter.

Outside of the occasional sensations created by décolleté bathing suits, Asbury Park, N. J., sometimes has a scandal or two to talk about. Just now it is discussing a new and juicy one.

Charley Bogart is a blacksmith by trade. During the summer he runs a line of stages from in front of Henry Steinbach's store to Shark river and the factory that lies south of Asbury Park. For about seven weeks past Charley has been anything but regular in his night hours. After finishing his supper he was in the habit of starting for some unknown destination, to return early in the morning to feed his horses and prepare for the day's work.

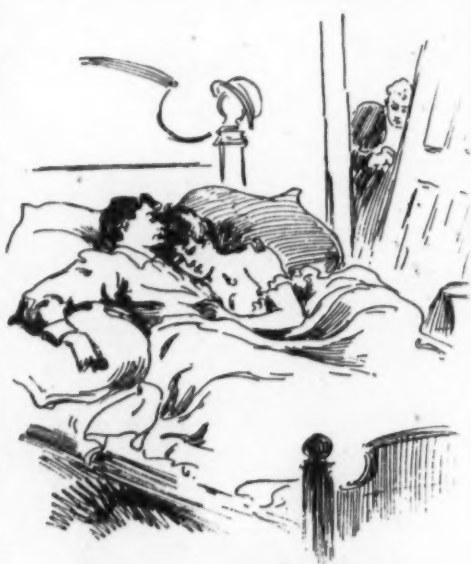
After a time Mrs. Bogart naturally became worried over these all-night excursions. Questioning Bogart was fruitless, and the only way to discover anything

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TRIED SUICIDE IN FORT WORTH.

was to constitute herself a detective force of one to investigate the case. Mrs. Bogart secured the service of Mrs. Jennie Southard, her sister, and another relative as assistants. A few days since they located Bogart in a little house of two rooms in West Park.



CAUGHT HER HUSBAND AND HIS PARAMOUR.

There was another inmate of the West Park house, and that was Mary Weeks, a woman who is a stranger in Asbury Park. Mary didn't appear to be working for a living.

The three feminine detectives meditated how they should entrap Bogart and Mary Weeks. Mrs. Southard and Mrs. Southard's sister-in-law went to the house where this precious pair lodged one Monday evening recently. Bogart was engaged in the innocent occupation of taking his boots off. Then the amateur Pinkertons returned home, and on the advice of a policeman, hunted up Justice Borden, who was in bed. His Honor dressed himself for the occasion and made out a warrant to arrest Bogart and his mistress.

Officers Bowers and Hulbert served the warrant. They found the house door locked. Officer Powers turned the knob, and getting his heavy shoulder against the door, burst it open. The stage man and the girl were sleeping in the room. The pair were brought before Justice Borden. Both prisoners pleaded guilty. The Justice held Bogart in \$100 bonds on the charge of fornication, and the woman in \$200 for keeping a disorderly house.

An elopement in high social circles has just been made public in Pittston, Pa. Charles Wintle married Lizzie Howell some eight years ago. Nothing seemed to darken their domestic happiness until a little over a week ago, when Mrs. Wintle's cousin, a man named Stackhouse, visited him.

He was welcomed at the Wintle residence, and the husband entertained no suspicion of anything wrong until last Wednesday, when Mrs. Wintle, after taking the two children to her mother's, announced her intention of going up in the country to visit a relative. The cousin disappeared simultaneously. For two



WAY THE ARTIST WANTS \$100,000.

days the husband had no uneasiness. Then he made inquiry of the relative mentioned, and was told that his wife had not been seen. Later he went to Wilkesbarre and learned that the missing couple had together hired a vehicle from a liveryman in that town and driven in the direction of Scranton. Stackhouse lived in Philadelphia and has a wife and two children.

Channing W. Coleman, a real estate lawyer with an office at No. 80 Dearborn street, Chicago, is called upon to defend a \$100,000 damage suit brought in the Circuit Court by Theodore Kytko, an artist for one of the morning papers.

Mr. Kytko is a young man who has been connected with Chicago newspapers for several years. He came from the South, where he was engaged in the same work. He is married, and has a daughter five years of age. Until recently he lived with his family in the little suburban town of Avondale.

Mr. Coleman is said to be a man of considerable property and worth \$100,000. He has been practicing law in Chicago for many years, and he has also been engaged in the real estate business. He is a bachelor.

This suit is brought for the alleged alienation of the affections of Mrs. Kytko.

Mr. and Mrs. Kytko were married about eight years ago. It is said that the wife knew Coleman before her marriage with the artist. Kytko's business took him from home occasionally, and during such periods it is alleged Coleman and Mrs. Kytko renewed their acquaintance. Coleman, it is said, expended money for the artist's family, presented the wife with dresses and looked much after the little girl. The latter, it is said, fell into the habit of calling Coleman "papa," and so the life of Kytko was made unhappy. It is further alleged that at one time Mrs. Kytko employed an attorney to secure a divorce for her from Kytko on the ground of cruelty. All this led to frequent quarrels between man and wife, and the close came about two



ELOPED WITH A MARRIED MAN.

months ago. Mrs. Kytko left home and went to Rockford, it is said. Kytko will have numerous witnesses, it is declared, to prove that Coleman was guilty of impropriety with his wife. Allegations are made that Mrs. Kytko's mother has turned against her and will

assist the young artist to assert his rights in a court of justice. Mr. Kytko was engaged in the anarchist trial and is well known among newspaper men.

"Squire Manning, of a Cincinnati court, listened to a touching story of love and betrayal the other day. Constable Johnson of Sharpsburg, Highland County, O., entered the Magistrate's office accompanied by his sixteen-year-old daughter, Esther. To 'Squire Manning and Attorney Lundy the young girl told a very romantic story of how she had been betrayed and deserted by Harry D. Johnson, alias Burns, who until recently was engaged as a traveling salesman for the People's Wholesale Grocery Company, at 49 West Third street, Cincinnati. After answering a few preliminary questions asked by Attorney Lundy and the Magistrate, Miss Johnson, who is a very modest and retiring young girl, told the story of her alleged wrongs.

"I met Burns," she said, "in this city, about a year and a half ago, and was introduced to him by a mutual friend, who resided in Covington. He invited me to accompany him to Eichler's for supper, and I accepted the invitation. While we were engaged in eating our repast he made strong protestations of how much he loved me, and asked me to marry him. I told him I would have to know him longer, and would also have to get the consent of my parents. I promised to think the matter over, however, and told him I would write and let him know my final decision in the matter. When I spoke to my father, who at present has charge of the farm of ex-Sheriff Dawson, of High-



ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM.

land County, he was bitterly opposed to the match, and forbade me having anything more to do with Burns. I answered the letters, however, and he requested me to meet him in this city, and we would be married. I gathered together some of my clothing and told my mother I was going to Covington to visit friends. When I arrived in this city Burns met me at the depot, and said he would take me to a magistrate's court, and we would be married. We were joined by a young friend of his, whom he introduced as Wellman, and who he said would accompany us to the 'Squire's office to act as a witness. We went to a place on Main street, near Sixth, which I afterward learned was a real estate office, and here a ceremony was gone through with, and some man who had long flowing whiskers pronounced us man and wife.

"After our supposed marriage Burns took me to apartments on West Fifth street, and after he had lived with me for three days he sent me home, and told me to remain there until he sent for me. Before leaving the city, however, I investigated regarding the marriage ceremony, and found that the whole affair was a base mockery, and that the supposed 'Squire' was a traveling man, an intimate friend of Burns. I also learned that my deceiver's name is Johnson, and that he lived in Covington."

After hearing the girl's sad narrative of her wrongs, 'Squire Manning issued a warrant for Johnson's arrest, and the document was given Constable McDermott to serve. This officer invoked the aid of Chief of Police Goodson, of Covington; and the alleged deceiver will be arrested on sight. Constable Johnson and his daughter returned to their home.

Em Dash

WOUNDED HIS WIFE'S ABDUCTOR.

Some months ago Lewis Dean of Petersburg, Ind., persuaded the wife of John James of Montgomery to elope with him. The couple went to Petersburg, and there lived as man and wife for some time, but James finally induced his wife to return to him with a promise to forgive her.

The other afternoon in company with a man named Moore, Dean drove up to the home of James in a buggy. Leaving the horse with Moore, Dean approached the house, and when he reached the door he said: "James, by — I've come to get your wife, and you had better not interfere with me." He then seized Mrs. James and carried her to the buggy, whereupon James procured a rifle and fired it point blank at the would-be kidnapper. Dean then drew his revolver and fired at James. The men then ceased firing and Dean retreated.

A number of loggers, who were near by, rushed to the James home and surrounded Dean. James, who was shot through the left arm, hurried to the city and gave himself up. He then caused a warrant to be issued for Dean and Moore.

Officers who hurried to the scene of the shooting found that Dean had been taken by Moore to Petersburg, where he was found in charge of three physicians. Dean was fatally wounded.

SUICIDE OF GEN. DUNN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Gen. N. Gano Dunn, a veteran of the late war and prominently identified with New York city politics, died recently in Denver, Col., from a bullet wound inflicted by himself the previous night. A lover's quarrel is said to have been the cause of the rash act.

If Your News Agent has not got Fox's Sensational Series—"Baccarat," "Pate of a Libertine," "Her Love Her Ruin," "The Devil's Compact," "Pauline's Caprice," "A Guilty Love," and "The Demi-monde of Paris"—Ask him to get them for you, or send 50 cents each to this office. The demand for them is enormous. Address HARRIS & FOX, Publishers, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

ALL READY FOR THE FRAY.

Jack McAuliffe in Trim for His Coming Battle.

HE SAYS HE WILL WIN.

Not a Believer in Severe Training Methods.

DOWN TO FIGHTING WEIGHT.

Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, is now busily engaged in training for his battle with Billy Myer, for \$5,000 a side and a purse of \$10,000 offered by the Olympic Club and the lightweight championship of America, at Bay St. Louis. He is attended by Matty Crowe and Jack Nelson, of New London. The latter accompanies Jack upon all his walks, and spars with him regularly, but upon Crowe falls the real work of the training, which has not, however, yet become irksome.

There is less severity in the daily routine than is observed by most men in training. The cool and invigorating air is conducive to sleepiness, and the three men do not arise very early yet. They commence their day with a plunge in the cold waters of the stream, followed by a hard rub down and vigorous exercise. Then breakfast is on the programme, and the re-



JACK MAULIFFE.

sources of the poultry population of the vicinity are taxed severely to supply the cottage larder, while the destruction of chops and the numerous accompaniments is marvelous. McAuliffe is not yet on a strict diet, but is satisfied, he says, with the ordinary country menu.

McAuliffe says that he hears that Myer is working hard and will make the effort of his life at New Orleans, but he is perfectly confident of an easy victory over the Westerner. It will depend wholly upon Myer, he says, whether the fight is short or comparatively long.

"I am in the business," said McAuliffe, "wholly for money. The reputation is good for nothing beyond the revenue which it brings. If there were only reputation in it I should go into the shop and work for a living. For that reason I have always refused to fight for small purses."

"To win this battle with Myer means not only a great purse for me, but an entire season's engagement in England at \$500 per week, for which I shall sail immediately after the New Orleans battles. I know of



MAULIFFE PUNCHING THE BAG.

no other fights in the future, unless the trip to England should be the means of arranging one.

"I am well pleased at the idea of meeting Myer in New Orleans, although it would, of course, have been

easier and better had the match been arranged for Coney Island, as some of my friends tried to have it. "But President Noel is a first-class man, and his club the pluckiest in the country. If you don't think so, look at the \$50,000 which they are to risk upon those September battles. It is great luck that our match is arranged for the first evening, as it gives me a chance to see the other two."

"But you may get your eyes closed so that you can't, Jack," suggested one of the listeners. "My boy, if you want to grow wealthy, just stake all your money, no matter at what odds, that your uncle will get into no such condition," retorted McAuliffe, with a smile of confidence.

His forenoons are quiet, representing very little work, although he has been threatening to labor from early morning in some neighboring hay field and make Crowe and Nelson accompany him, the mere an-



AT A LIVELY GAIT.

nouncement creating consternation on the part of the two trainers on several occasions when they have believed he really meant it, for after a careful examination of requirements and results they are not ambitious, they say, to become farmers.

"Really, about all I do here mornings," said McAuliffe when first asked the question, "is to chase ducks." "Be careful and have it explained," broke in Crowe, "that this farm and stream abound in ducks, for the boys might think that it was a kind of 'chasing the duck' known to fame, but outside the limits of this State."

It is rather a light luncheon that they have at the McAuliffe training table, for not very much later, and before the heat of the day is over, the lightweight champion and his attendants don heavy sweaters, and with short walking sticks, start on a five-mile tramp.

He frequently loses three pounds in one of these tramps, which is considered remarkable. His heavy russet walking shoes are always soaked with water.

Here he remains for a couple of hours working most of the time. His favorite exercise is throwing the great "medicine balls," although he rows a little, works at the chest weights, spars a few rounds with Nelson, and, as he expresses it, says "how-de-do" to the dumbbells. In addition he has had the gloves on with every member of the club, much rivalry existing for the opportunity of having a "go" with the clever visitor, while the resulting set-toes furnish increasing amusement.

Since working off the most of his fat, McAuliffe has been following another of his own notions and putting his legs and arms in a strong pickle, which he keeps all brewed in the club rooms, notwithstanding the delicate olfactory nerves of some of the members. He says that it toughens the flesh without hardening it and he knows of nothing that would work to as good advantage with him.

He does not retire very early, and will not do so during his training, he says.

McAuliffe writes from Bay St. Louis that he is down to his fighting weight, and appears confident of winning. He says that Jimmy Colville, of Boston, will be his timekeeper.

SHE DROPPED 'EM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ever since the introduction of the new-fangled, all-in-one piece underwear for ladies, a young lady in Washington, D. C., has made herself almost a bore to her friends by her enthusiastic advocacy of the abandonment of troublesome undershirts, and the adoption of the new underwear by all of her sex. She rides a tricycle, and thereby hangs a tale—a skirt tail—and was continually talking about the freedom of action the adoption of the new underwear and the abandonment of undershirts gave to one, but she isn't saying a word about it now. Cause why? Oh, only a little accident, just one of those little things liable to occur anywhere and to any one. She was riding down Pennsylvania avenue the other night accompanied by her best young man, who rides a bicycle; the electric light made the avenue almost as light as day, except in the shadow of an occasional tree, and just as the young couple started to show the pedestrians what speed was in them something snapped, there was an ominous tearing sound, and the young lady found her serge skirt pulled clean off the waist and tangled around the gearing of the tricycle and her feet. She screamed slightly, and somehow got her feet untangled, got off the machine, and made a bee-line for an open side-door, which was fortunately near-by. With only her blushing face peeping from behind the door she directed the young man to untangle her skirt and bring it to her. The young lady has a big brother who now makes her life miserable by asking her how she enjoyed her first public appearance in tights.

ADA HENRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

An excellent and striking portrait of Ada Henry, the clever and ever-popular actress, graces our dramatic page this week. Miss Henry is already too well known to the American public to need an extended introduction from us.

Spicy and Sensational! Fox's Sensational Series. No. 1—Baccarat. No. 2—Fate of a Libertine. No. 3—Her Love Her Ruin. No. 4—The Devil's Compact. No. 5—Pauline's Caprice. No. 6—A Guilty Love. No. 7—The Demi-Monde of Paris. All translations from the French and all copiously illustrated. Price, 50 cents each. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, in heavy wrappers. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ENGLAND'S CLEVER FIGHTER

Ted Pritchard's March to the Championship Goal.

A BORN KNOCKER-OUT.

The Man Whom Jim Hall Conquered in Four Rounds.

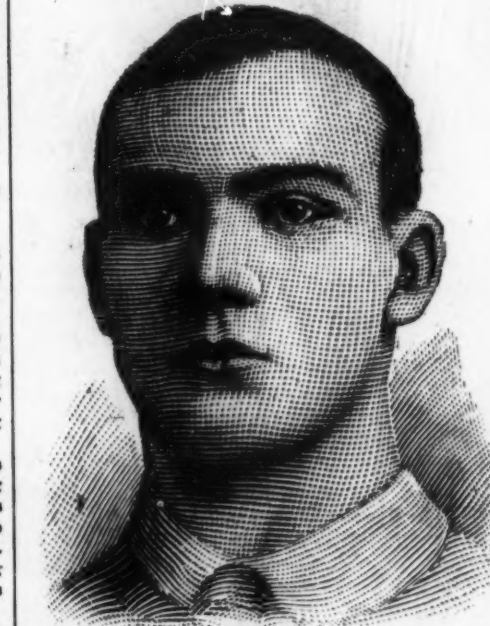
A NOTABLE PRIZE RING HERO.

Probably one of the greatest pugilists that has stood in the arena in the middle-weight class, with the exception of Jack Dempsey, since Tom Sayers, the champion of England, is Ted Pritchard, of Lambeth, London, Eng. Pritchard, from his boyhood days, has been a pugilist, and, like Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion of America, and John L. Sullivan, is a born fighter.

Pritchard is by trade what people politely call a Knight of St. Crispin, like Joe Goss. His father wets the soles and now Pritchard wets the bodies. He was born in Lambeth, London, England.

Pritchard drifted into the profession of the noble art at fourteen years of age by winning two competitions promoted by Mickey Welch, and followed it up with another brace, organized by Johnny Welch, ere he reached his fifteenth year. Pudney Sullivan was the first to check his career of success, and Bill Whately followed suit. "A bit of a boy," but very cute Ted was now offered his first start in life. A man who traveled with a penny show gave him an offer to form one of the troupe of boxers, and Pritchard gladly accepted the proffered engagement.

He went on a tour, and if his clients did not appreciate his knocking out propensities, the same cannot be said of his employer. He proved a regular little Tartar, and made his mark upon the dial of many a would-be clever youth whose vaulting ambition over-



TED PRITCHARD.

leaped itself. After a little while he separated from the fold and returned to London, and soon joined another company of strolling players.

Finally he resolved to abandon the life of a showman, and try his luck in "the smoke." There happened to be a competition at Plumstead, England, and Pritchard entered. When it became known the entrants declined to compete, as some of them had met Pritchard on the road. Yorker, of Leeds, however, would not be stalled off, and the promoter determined to give the prize for a six rounds contest; but Pritchard outed the Yorkshireman early in the competition. Pritchard then entered the all-comers competition, promoted by Frank Hinde, at the Imperial Theatre of



PRITCHARD IN FIGHTING ARRAY.

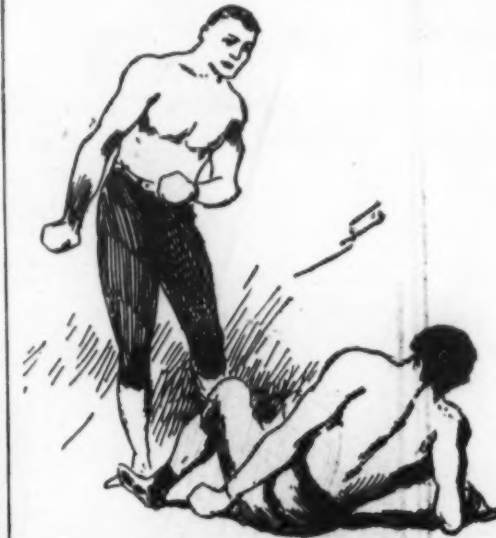
the Royal Westminster Aquarium, London, England. For the final he had to meet Dave Burke. It was a most exciting encounter, Dave being severely punished and in dire distress, but he stood to his guns most manfully, and Pritchard having to put forward

all the ability of which he was possessed, finally won. Later he was matched with Jim Hayes, for £100 a side, under Queensberry rules, the contest taking place at the Lambeth School of Arms on Feb. 19, 1889, when, after boxing 4 rounds, the friends of Hayes broke into the ring and the stakes were subsequently awarded to Pritchard. On June 6 in the same year, and at the same place he met Alec Burns, who was matched as an Unknown, under similar conditions. This also proved to be of very short duration, as Pritchard, getting home a heavy blow on the jaw in the opening round, gave his man no rest afterward, and won in the second round.

Pritchard's next battle was with Alf Mitchell for £2,000. The encounter was decided at London, Eng., Dec. 15, 1890, and Pritchard won in four rounds.

The Pritchard and Burke fight was decided on March 12, 1891. The battle was for £1,000 and the middle-weight championship of England. Burke was knocked out in the third round.

Pritchard was subsequently matched to fight Jim Smith for £1,000 and the championship of England,



PRITCHARD KNOCKS OUT JIM SMITH.

The battle was decided on July 27, 1891, at London, England. In the first round Smith took a decided lead. He gave Pritchard a heavy blow on the body, drove him all over the ring, and floored him twice before time was called. Pritchard then seemed to be dazed. In the second round, however, a surprising change occurred. Pritchard was sprightly, while Smith appeared to be weak. Pritchard forced the fighting with such effect that Smith soon showed signs of having enough. Twice the men went down, but at the close of the round Smith was hardly able to stand.

The third round was a one-sided affair. Pritchard had quite his own way, and placed his opponent prone and helpless on his back. The display was far from scientific. Both men tried to settle the affair as quickly as possible. Both Smith's eyes were blackened, and his cheeks were puffed and out considerably.

COULDN'T STAND HIS DISGRACE.

Elwood W. Adams, aged thirty, of Providence, R. I., recently shot and killed himself in a restaurant at No. 1,352 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

He got permission to go to an upper room, and while there shot himself in the mouth. Mrs. Kate Neilly, who was in the restaurant, rushed up-stairs and took Adams' head in her lap.

Adams seized the revolver again and put four bullets through his heart. He left a letter addressed to his parents explaining that he died to save his family from disgrace as he had gotten his affairs hopelessly mixed.

CARRIED AWAY BY TWO BRUTES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lydia Meller and Irene Blizzer, two Chester, Pa., girls, recently disappeared from home. After an absence of four days the girls arrived home. They claim that they were drugged by two men whom they met at Lincoln Park, and after missing the last boat for Chester were taken to Philadelphia and forced to enter a cab. They were then taken to a strange hotel, where they were afterward deserted by their abductors. Miss Blizzer shows marks of her male escort's fingers on her throat, and both girls are prostrated at the Meller residence.

A CIGARETTE FIEND'S ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One night recently Mrs. C. E. Noble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., awoke to find that some one had attempted to chloroform her by placing a cloth saturated with the drug across her face. She jumped up and heard some one dash from the house. The police were notified and arrested sixteen-year-old Harry Slater on suspicion. When cornered he broke down and confessed to being the guilty party. He says he entered the house through a rear window. Dime novels and cigarettes were the cause of his downfall.

WAS IT A FISHY KISS?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While Miss Katie Smuck, of New York city, who was recently bathing in Lake Keuka, near Hammondsport, N. Y., was lying on the shore with her feet near the water, a large white fish, rarely seen in the lake, weighing over four pounds, jumped out of the water and caught one of Miss Smuck's great toes in its mouth, biting it severely. The fish was caught by a young man named Bradley with his hands, taken home and cooked for supper.

HE HUGGED MISS KESLER.

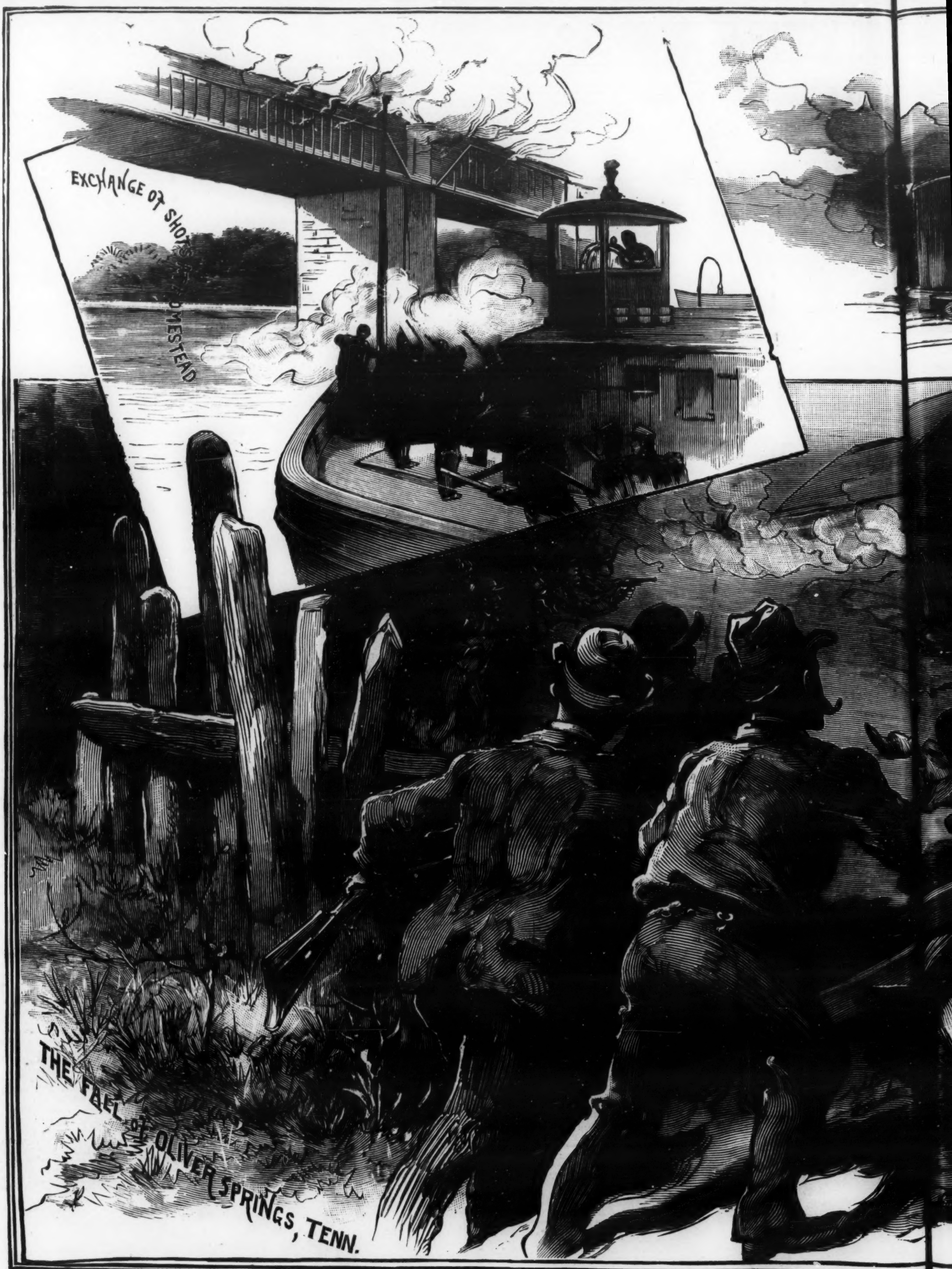
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One day recently young Charles Pierce, of Absecon, N. J., took Miss Lizzie Kesler out driving. While riding along the young man put his arms around Lizzie and hugged her. On her return to town the bashful maiden swore out a warrant for her escort's arrest. He was placed under \$500 bail to keep the peace.

CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE.

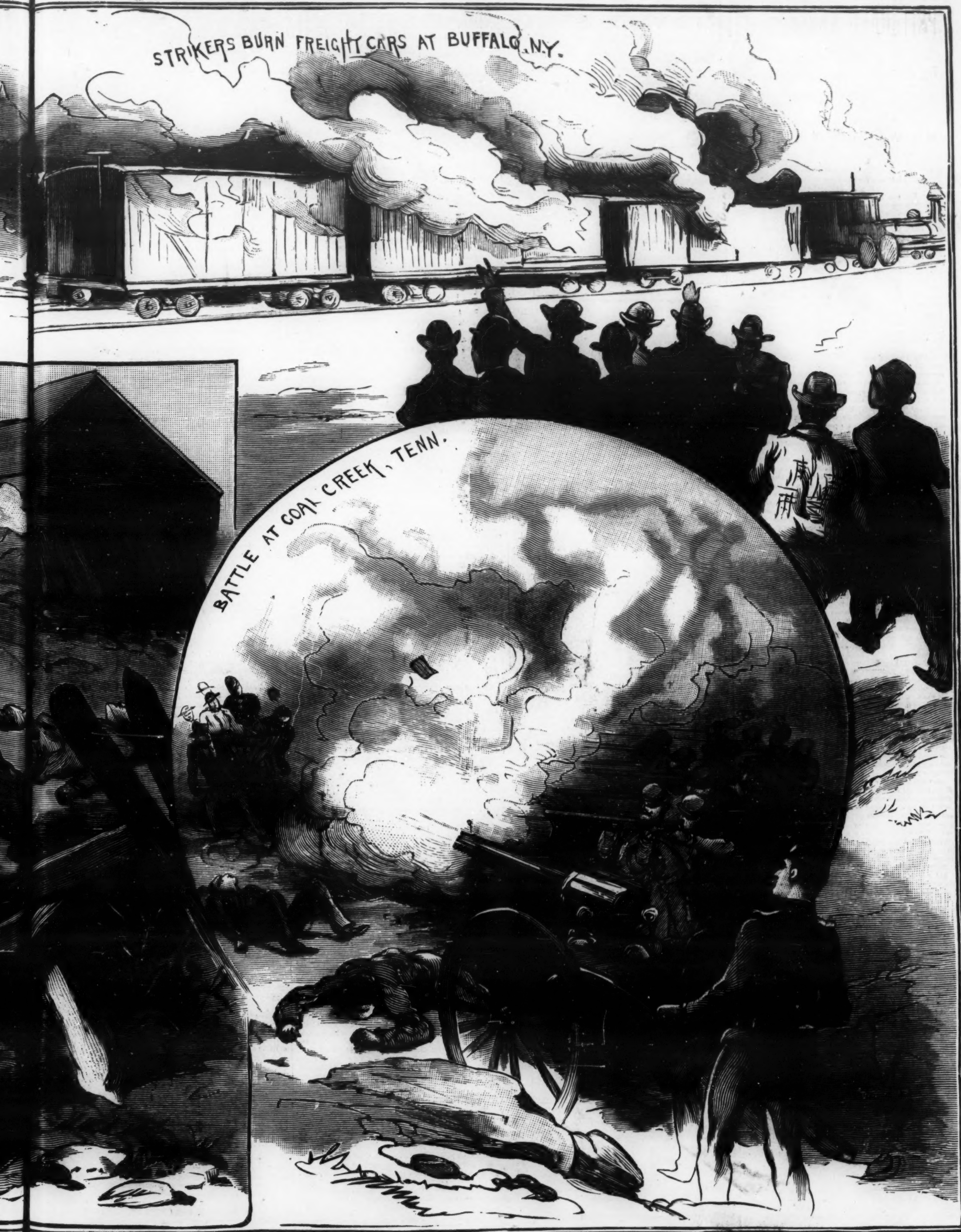
Cures Gonorrhea. For sale by all druggists.

Third Edition of "Pauline's Caprice" now ready. Fox's Sensational Series No. 8, one of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



STRIKERS F

TENNESSEE IN A STATE OF INSURRECTION AND BLOODY BATTLES FOUGHT BETWEEN
RIOTERS IN BUFFALO—A SHARP H



THE MILITIA.

BET MINERS AND SOLDIERS—THE STATE MILITIA CALLED OUT IN NEW YORK TO QUELL
 RP SHORT SKIRMISH IN HOMESTEAD, PA.

PRITCHARD KNOCKED OUT

By Jim Hall, the Shifty Australian Pugilist.

TED WAS BADLY PUNISHED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LONDON, August 30, 1892.

The glove fight between Jim Hall, of New York (formerly of Australia), and Ted Pritchard, of Lambeth, the champion prize fighter of England, was decided at Brighton to-day. Pritchard, owing to the fact that he had defeated Alf Mitchell, Burke and Jim Smith, the latter for the championship of England, was the favorite at 6 to 4. The fight ended in a victory for Hall, who knocked out the English champion in the fourth round. Hall displayed great form and surprised Pritchard's backers.

The men fought with small gloves, according to Queensberry rules, for £2,000—£1,000 a side.

Warren Lewis, of New York, the well-known American sporting man, and Charley Mitchell backed Hall, while George Baird, better known as Squire Abington, backed Pritchard. Warren Lewis backed his protégé heavily and surprised the natives by the way he bet his "monkey" on the Australian.

The fight took place at Farnham, in the presence of forty spectators. Charley Mitchell won the toss for Hall, and placed him with his back to the sun, which beat down fiercely on the men.

Pritchard was seconded by Sam Blakelock and Jack Baldock, while Charley Mitchell and Charley Bowell, who trained Hall, seconded him. Warren Lewis was Hall's timekeeper.

Bets were made at 1 to 4 on Pritchard. One wager of £100 that Hall would not stay three rounds caused Hall to smile. The Australian was taller by three inches and had a much longer reach than his adversary. It required only a glance to see that both boxers were splendidly trained. At the weighing-in neither put the scales above 160 pounds.

Hall's immense advantage in reach and height was noticeable as they squared off. Pritchard spent little time in looking over his adversary, but smiled wickedly, probably with the idea of getting through the job as quickly as possible. His legs, however, fell short in nearly every instance, and the Australian's remarkable cleverness astonished not only the English champion, but everybody about the ring. Spry as he was, Pritchard was no match for Hall, who met him at each rush with well-directed left-hand blows on the face and neck. Seeing how little chance he had to break through Hall's guard, Pritchard tried to close in. At this style of fighting he had no chance whatever, for Hall drove him off handily. From the end of the first minute until time was called they were constantly at it, with the Australian showing admirable generalship and tremendous punching powers.

After a few exchanges in the second round, Hall, whose timing of blows had previously been excellent, made a miscalculation in a lead and Pritchard crossed him, landing with terrible force on the Australian's jaw. Down he went in a heap. Pritchard glared at his fallen opponent and a confident smile played on his lips. Walking toward his corner he held out his gloves so that Baldock could loosen the strings. His seconds yelled enthusiastically and hailed Ted as champion.

"O'w's yer Australian now?" cried Blakelock, eying Mitchell contemptuously across the ring.

"A fight's never won till it's over," retorted England's greatest fighter.

And before the timekeeper reached "nine" in his count Hall was on his feet. This angered Pritchard, who pitched in hammer and tons. But Hall, dazed as he was, soon recovered and was really doing most of the fighting when the round closed.

It was a keen disappointment to Baldock's man, this unexpected turn in the affair, and he showed signs of distress in the third round. The fall seemed to have brightened the Australian up, for he made a sorry spectacle of Pritchard before taking his seat for the third time. A succession of short-arm punches on the face and jaw disfigured the English boxer's dial, and he seemed to collapse. There was not a scratch on Hall, and he was breathing naturally when round 4 was called. Pritchard was very much distressed, and the farring he received rather muddled him.

After letting once or twice, Hall let drive his left to the point of the jaw, and Pritchard tumbled over. He arose with great difficulty and Hall waited until he had reached his feet squarely before sending in his right hand. The blow landed on Pritchard's cheekbone. Once more he toppled and fell. After a few seconds he rolled over and lay on his face until he was counted out. It was fully a minute before the ammonia which his seconds held under his nostrils brought him back to consciousness. Mitchell and Bowell lifted Hall above their heads and a great demonstration followed.

The fourth round lasted only 1 minute 50 seconds.

Not a little interest was manifested in the outcome of this fight in America, for the reason that Hall, though an Australian, has renounced his allegiance to the British throne, and declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. He went abroad under the management of Parson Davies, whose fame as an inciter of interest in pugilistic affairs is world wide, and besides it was American money that enabled him to meet the English champion.

Hall tried to get a pugilistic footing in America by taking on Fitzsimmons, but the conqueror of Jack Dempsey would have none of him, and in his eagerness for a fight the Australian had to go abroad for a title that would command Fitzsimmons's attention, and either make him fight or relinquish his claim to the championship. Hall made himself extremely popular during his brief sojourn in America, and although he engaged in no final fights he took the fancy of the leading sports. He proved to be a clever man in the use of his hands, and his name was placed among the tip-toppers despite the fact that he only gave exhibition set-tes.

After the battle Richard K. Fox wired from Llandudno, Wales, congratulations to Hall. The following cable was received from Warren Lewis:

Hall is a wonder. He beat Pritchard easily, and surprised sporting men here. Hall will go back on City of Rome with me. Americans backed Hall heavily, and received odds of 7 to 4. Richard K. Fox says Hall is a wonder. On my return will deposit \$5,000 with POLICE GAZETTE, match Hall to fight Bob Fitzsimmons for \$10,000 a side and largest purse. About \$20,000 changed hands on result. WARREN LEWIS.

AN EXCITING FINISH.

Yorkville Belle Wins the \$20,000 Omnibus Stakes with Garrison Up.

One of the richest races of the turf season, the Omnibus Stakes, value \$20,000, one mile and a half, was run at Monmouth Park, N. J., on Aug. 16. Tammany, the champion three-year-old, did not start, and Edward B. Garrison, America's champion jockey, had the mount on Yorkville Belle. Over 15,000 spectators witnessed the race, and The Pepper was the favorite. At the start Mars, who carried 127 pounds, went off with the lead. At the end of half a mile The Pepper took third place, a length behind Mars and Bashford, the whole field assuming close order as they swung around the turn. As they made the turn for the run home Bashford passed Mars, while Huron, The Pepper and Yorkville Belle closed very rapidly. Littlefield gave Mars a stinging blow with the whip, and the game colt went through and showed in front again for a hundred yards. The weight again told on him and he lost ground gradually. His rider very properly ceased punishing him. A quarter of a mile from home Huron shot out of the bunch as though propelled by machinery, and passing Bashford in a twinkling, looked a winner. It was only for a moment, however, as Garrison moved up on Yorkville Belle, and the handsome filly quickly over-

hauled the Western colt, and in a hundred yards had overtaken the whip. Then there was no doubt as to the winner, the Belle coming in in grand style, and passing the post first by a length. Huron, ridden out to the last ounce in the endeavor to place the \$20,000 to his owner's credit, was second. Five lengths before The Pepper. Pickpocket was fourth and the others nowhere. This is the fractional time: \$4, 41, 1:18, 1:45, 2:11, 2:36.

SUMMARY.—The Omnibus Stakes, for three-year-olds, at \$250 each, with \$10,000 added, of which \$2,000 to the second and \$1,000 to the third; winning penalties; non-winning and maiden allowances; one mile and a half, outer circuit course. F. A. Huron's colt, Yorkville Belle, by Miser—Thora, 124 (Garrison)..... 1
E. Corrigan's br. c. Huron, 117 (Overton)..... 2
J. E. Pepper's s. c. The Pepper, 117 (Stinson)..... 3
Pickpocket, Extra. Mars, Kilkenny and Bashford also ran.
Time, 2:36.

Betting.—Five to four on The Pepper; against Yorkville Belle, 6 to 1; Mars, 4 to 1; Pickpocket, 5 to 1; Huron, 15 to 1; Kilkenny, 20 to 1; Bashford, 30 to 1; Extra, 25 to 1.

NANCY HANES, THE QUEEN.

Mand R. is no longer the queen of the turf. The proud position which the daughter of Harold has held since she trotted 1 mile in 2 minutes 54 seconds, at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 30, 1888, has been beaten by Nancy Hanes, the first daughter of Happy Medium, driven by Budd Doble, the veteran driver of Goldsmith Maid. Nancy Hanes trotted a mile at Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 17, in 2 minutes 74 seconds, beating all previous records made by Huron, 2:584, and Mand R., 2:584, on kite and regulation tracks. The official time for the mile, which was as honest a mile as was ever trotted, is 2:54, 1:354, 1:364, 2:074. The last quarter was trotted in 204 seconds.

Doble waxed enthusiastic in speaking of his mare after the heat was over. "She is, in my opinion," he said, "without a peer on the trotting turf. She was not distressed in the slightest degree at the end of the mile, and finished fresh and strong. Within 30 minutes after trotting that mile in 2:574 she could have gone out and trotted very close to it. I don't say that she could have equaled it, but she could have put in a very fast mile without much trouble. She trotted through from the wire to the wire, never lost her head, and did not show the slightest inclination to leave her feet. She did the track so comfortably to-day that I am sure she can beat it in the future."

"Did you have any idea that you were breaking the record?" "I knew at the half," said Doble, with a quiet smile, "that Nancy was going to come very close to it anyhow. I looked at my watch and saw she had done it in 1:04 by my watch, and I knew she could at least keep up the gait at which she was going. Then when I heard them yell as I finished I knew it was done." In trotting the heat, the mare, who weighed 870 pounds, pulled Doble, who weighed 150 pounds, and a sulky of 424 pounds weight.

Nancy Hanes, the queen of the trotting turf, is a bay mare six years old, 154 hands high. She was sired by Happy Medium out of a Dictator mare.

JAKE KILRAIN THINKS JOHN L. WILL WIN.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 20, 1892.

In an interview with Jake Kilrain, the ex-champion pugilist of America, Kilrain said:

"I think Corbett is one of the shiftest men I ever saw, but he doesn't class with John L. Sullivan as a fighter."

"When I met Corbett in New Orleans I was really surprised at his cleverness. Had I known how shifty he was I should have done some training."

"I was outpointed, but had the contest been to a finish the result, I believe, would have been different."

"I noticed one thing about Corbett. He doesn't like fighting. Every time we got at close quarters I punched away at his head."

"Having one hand free, I had a perfect right to do so, but he appealed to the referee and no fighting was allowed after the third round."

"I was weak when I entered the ring, but the several body blows I landed made him wince. What will he do when a man like Sullivan pounds his head?"

"Corbett himself is anything but a hard puncher. They can all talk about Sullivan's broken-down constitution and all that. He is a remarkable man, and can fight 24 hours at a stretch if he is properly trained."

A ROCK DRILLING CONTEST.

At Centerville, Montana, recently there was a rock drilling match between William Page and James Teague for the championship, and about \$1,500 changed hands on this most novel competition.

Teague drilled first, using an eight-pound hammer, and was loudly cheered when the result of his work was announced at 32 inches.

Page stripped fine form and worked freely. He wielded a nine-pound hammer and reached a depth of 334 inches into the rock.

The enthusiasm of the crowd when the result was known was uproarious.

The judges were Sam Reynolds, Dennis O'Neil and Bert Smith. The drills submitted to them were satisfactory, except that in each kit there was one small one, but as this was equally fair for each contestant they were allowed to pass.

Page is a native of New Jersey, stands 5 feet 7 inches, and weighs 145 pounds. He has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will compete in a contest at rock drilling against any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the championship.

GETTING READY FOR THE FIGHTS.

No time is being lost by the Olympic Athletic Club in New Orleans in making its preparations for the big fights which will take place in its arena next month.

The work on the arena is being pushed rapidly, and the additions to the amphitheatre are nearly completed.

The big electric clock which was ordered has not arrived, but the officials are looking for it every day.

It is an absolute certainty that the crowd which will attend their fights will exceed that which has attended any of their noted seasons of carnival given in New Orleans yearly, and applications for seats have been coming in with a rush.

The club management is sure of a successful financial termination of the mile, and will do everything in their power to make their guests comfortable.

The central office has not been opened, but it will be in a day or two, and all applications for information will meet with ready service at the hands of Capt. Williams, whose work as advance representative of the club in the arrangements of the fights have made him well known to every sporting man in the country.

HARRY MCCOY ANXIOUS FOR A MATCH.

Harry McCoy, the welter-weight champion pugilist of Iowa, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Burlington, Iowa, as follows: "If the Coney Island or the Olympic Club of New Orleans will hang up a reasonable purse I will fight Tom Ryan, Geo. Dawson or Tom Williams, the present champion of Australia, now coming to this country, with a side bet of \$5,000, or I will fight any welter-weight in America who has a good solid reputation; or I will come East and fight Doc O'Connell or Patsy Kerrigan on the same terms. I have already issued several different challenges and no notice has ever been taken of them. Now if the men named are inclined to lay hold and claim the title of welter-weight champion let them come out and fight me and not put me off on flimsy excuses as they have been doing."

BILL HATCHER, PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bill Hatcher, whose portrait appears in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE is one of the best 140-pound pugilists in England. He has engaged in several battles. His last fight was with Tom Williams, the 140-pound champion of Australia, who knocked him out in one round.

Do not get excited, but read Fox's Sensational Series No. 4, "A Truly Love," by Behr. Illustrated in French style. Price 50 cents. Well in heavy wrapper. Address: Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

ELEGANTLY-FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

SULLIVAN AND CORBETT,

MCAULIFFE AND MYER,

DIXON AND SKELLY.

Cabinet Size, 10 cents; 11x14 inches, 50

cents; 20x24 inches, \$1.50.

The above photographs are finished in the highest style of the art, and are well worth framing. For club houses, barbershops, saloons, etc., they are an attraction as well as ornamental. Sent to any address on receipt of price, by

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

Dominick McCaffrey says he will box Jim Corbett four or ten rounds if the Manhattan Athletic Club will give him permission.

Johnny Reagan, the popular boxer, has gone on a vacation of two weeks. On his return to New York he will be heard from.

All the stakes in the Skelly and Dixon fight for \$10,000 and a purse of \$7,500 were posted on Aug. 16 at the New York World office.

Champion George, the famous pug, died in Philadelphia on Aug. 12. He was born in France 15 years ago and won 14 first prizes in America.

At Monmouth Park, on Aug. 13, 1892, Queenie Trowbridge, with 111 pounds up, ran three-quarters of a mile in 1:114. Queenie Trowbridge's time is the best on record.

Harry Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, in a 100-yard race in Cleveland, Ohio, on August 13, did the distance in 9-4-5 seconds, winning the race by a step from G. M. Kimmel (10 yards), of the East End Gymnastic Club, of Pittsburg.

On August 14, at the Star athletic games, at Hunters Point, L. I., John J. Barrett of Galway, Ireland, late of the English army, put the 16-pound shot 45 feet 5 inches, beating the best record ever made in the world. Barrett made the put without follow from a seven-foot circle.

John Briss, of Des Moines, Iowa, who is connected with the Des Moines Graphic, is arranging several glove contests. Recently he sent for a set of the "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves. Since then he has sent for several sets, and claims they are the best in the market.

At the Academy of Music, New York, on August 12, Billy Hill, Muldoon's Pickingan, knocked Casper Leon out in one minute and thirty seconds. Sam Morris, the Cyclone, and Jack Fogarty, Cuban Giant, of Philadelphia, both colored, fought four rounds, when the Cuban Giant injured his wrist and the police stopped the affair.

The following special cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Aug. 15, 1892.

Tuff Wall, who some time ago retired from the ring, has issued a challenge to fight any man in England for £200 and the largest purse offered.

The eight-hour go-as-you-please race at Burgett Park, Dover, N. H., for a purse of \$100, divided, \$50 to first, \$25 to second, \$15 to third, \$10 to fourth, was very exciting between Guerrero and Hagieman. The score at the end of eight hours was: Hagieman, New York, 44 miles, 5 laps; Guerrero, Bath, Me., 44 miles 1 lap; Carney, of Boston, 42 miles 1 lap; Icoo, Dover, 41 miles 3 laps; Jackson, Boston, 37 miles 9 laps.

At the Gloucester, N. J., race track, on Aug. 15, an accident occurred in the first race which will probably result in the death of one or more of the unfortunate horses who were injured. The accident occurred when the horses were not quite half way around the upper turn. Hurry Away fell and threw Jockey McGilone, and six horses stumbled over the leader and fell. The injured horses were Cleary, Morrissey, Brooker and McGilone.

Richard K. Fox recently had an elegant champion challenge cup made and presented to the Sporting Life Amateur Athletic Club, for competition in a 300-yard race. The trophy was recently competed for, and was won by C. Carter. Summary: 300 yards challenge cup (scratch) (presented by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of POLICE GAZETTE, New York).—C. Carter first, J. W. Armour second. Carter had the race in hand soon after the start, and coming clean away in the last 100 yards, won with the utmost ease, Armour not persevering to the finish. Time, 374 seconds.

George Wright, the champion feather-weight of Canada, the only pugilist who ever defeated George Dixon, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week to issue a challenge to Tom Euston, the English pugilist, who recently defeated George Strong in England. Wright authorized a cable to the Sporting Life to the effect that he would fight Euston in either the National Sporting Club or the Bolshoi Club, for a £200 purse, five weeks from his arrival in England, providing he was allowed expenses. Wright defeated Strong in less than 14 minutes, and then he lost to Strong by an alleged foul.

On August 13, Jim Corbett, the pugilist, made his appearance at Taylor's Opera House at Trenton, N. J., in the play "After Dark." The pugilist was greeted by an audience of twenty-five hundred persons. He boxed four rounds with Jack McVay in the concert hall scene of the piece and seemed in fine form. The audience was divided in its sympathies, and while Corbett was repeatedly cheered, numerous admirers of Sullivan made their presence felt by catcalls and by loud applause for "The Champion of the World." The bills announced that this would be Corbett's only public appearance before the fight in September.

Billy Martin, champion long distance bicycle rider of the world, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office Aug. 11, and after depositing \$50 with the Sporting Editor, issued the following challenge:

MR. RICHARD K. FOX.—Having learned that Mr. Charles W. Ashinger, the champion 15-hour bicycle rider of the world, is desirous of meeting me in a 24-hour competition, I hereby challenge him to a 24-hour race for \$200 a side. If Mr. Ashinger covers my deposit and arranges a meeting I will make the match.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Champion six day bicycle rider of the world.

Bud Renaud, the Sporting King of New Orleans, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that the Merchants' Club in New Orleans, over which Col. Pat Duffy and himself preside, will be opened on September 1. Bud Renaud is the best posted sporting man in New Orleans. He has not got to hustle for the coin, because he has a fortune at his command, and he is interested in several bookmaking establishments and owns racehorses and real estate, while the collection of diamonds Mrs. Renaud possesses (not speaking of Bud) would rival the Queen of Sheba. Renaud managed the great prize fight for the "Police Gazette" belt, \$50,000 and the championship of the world, which was one of the greatest sporting events in the history of America.

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 30, 1892.

The pugilistic carnival promises to eclipse Mar's Gras week. Demands for reserved seats continue to come in from nearly every State in the union or the Sullivan and Corbett fight Olympic Club believe they will be able to seat 5,000 spectators. Special trains made up by sporting men will be run from San Francisco, Denver, St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago and New York, independent of the regular trains. Bud Renaud, of the Merchants' Club, is daily receiving big commissions to invest on Sullivan, Corbett and Myer, and it is reported he has already more orders than he will be able to fill, as the bulk of the money is to be bet on Sullivan and Myer. Renaud expects to be able to place the Myer money earlier than the Sullivan money when

the New York and Boston sporting men arrive here. Renaud estimates there will be at least \$100,000 bet on the Sullivan and Corbett and Myer and McAuliffe fights. Renaud is not betting on the fight owing to his being stakeholder for several wagers, and because his friends represent both Sullivan and Corbett. Col. Pat Duffy, Bud Renaud's partner, will bet at least \$10,000 on Sullivan, and half that amount on McAuliffe and Dixon.

Billy Dacey, the well-known lightweight pugilist, who has during his static career fought Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe and other pugilists, is eager to enter the arena and face any lightweight pugilist in America. Dacey called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following:

NEW YORK, August 16, 1892.

Having read that Dick Burge, the lightweight champion of England, is coming to America to test the merits of the American boxers, I wish to state that I will meet Burge for \$1,000 a side and the largest purse offered either by the Coney Island or the Olympic Athletic Club. Both to weigh 155 pounds at the ring side, and "Police Gazette" rules to govern. Should Burge refuse to arrange a match, I will meet any pugilist in America at 125 pounds upon the same terms.

BILLY DACEY.

At the Academy of Music, New York, on August 15, George Godfrey and C. C. Smith, both colored, boxed four rounds. Sporting men who looked for a knockout were disappointed. Bill Smith was pretty badly punished in the wind and his nose will be sore for many a day. Godfrey was much the smaller man, and when he discovered that Smith was far from being what sports term a "stiff," he tried to get his adversary to lead. Smith lost confidence when he tried several times and missed. Godfrey would feint and then let drive at his opponent's wind with his right. Twice he landed with tremendous force. After that he contented himself with prodding the big man in the nose. Smith was outclassed, and at the end of the fourth round Jack Alder, the referee, declared Godfrey the winner.

JAMES F. GILLESPIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James F. Gillespie was born in Wheeling, W. Va., on Sept. 21, 1867. King weight, 140 pounds; height, 5 feet 74 inches. Without training or competent instruction, he early entered the ring and developed extraordinary ability to endure punishment. He is a long-winded, patient fighter, growing more vicious as the contest proceeds; is never discouraged by a reverse in the ring, and often wins what seems a losing battle. First battle, beat Prof. Arthur Mitchell London, Eng., 4 rounds. Dec. 18, 1891. Beat James Connors, of Pennsylvania, in 4-round fight, though referee declared a draw. Connors declined to renew the battle. Won seven local contests, and on March 13, 1892, met and defeated Joe Jones, of London, Eng., in a desperate battle of 6 rounds. Gillespie is the acknowledged local champion of West Virginia, and will meet any man of his class who can post the requisite forfeit. He is modest, unassuming and courageous, and will yet be heard from among the game and gallant fighters who have made his class the boast and glory of the sporting world. We predict for the broad-shouldered, genial young pugilist a career that will neither disgrace himself nor disappoint his friends.

GEORGE BUBEAR SAYS HE WANTS TO ROW.

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from George Bubear, the ex-champion oarsman of England:

STAR AND GARTER, PUTNEY, SURREY, ENG.,
August 15, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX.—I have just returned to England from Australia, and intend to row any man in Great Britain for the championship of England.

James Stansbury and Peter Kemp are coming to England, and will probably meet Wm. O'Connor, Edward Hanlan, Jake Gaudaur or John Teemer on the Thames.

I am trying to arrange a match with Wm. East, for the sculling championship of England. I will row Stevenson of Australia, who is now in America, upon the Thames or Tyne championship course for £100 or £200 a side. It is reported that the POLICE GAZETTE intends to hold an international regatta at Chicago during the World's Fair, and that the races will be open to single, pair, oared, double and four oared crews. Please, Mr. Fox, send me programme and particulars as I will enter the single pair and double scull races.

GEORGE BUBEAR.

WILL KILRAIN MEET GODDARD?

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Billy Madden:

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., August 16, 1892.

I understand Jake Kilrain will meet my new champion, Joe Goddard. If such is the case, Goddard, on his arrival in New York, will meet Kilrain in a contest of four rounds in the Academy of Music or in Madison Square Garden any time after the 15th of September that will suit Kilrain. I have forwarded a letter to the Coney Island Athletic Club asking them to put up a purse of \$25,000 for a contest between the winner of the Sullivan and Corbett contest and Goddard. If they do not send a favorable answer, Goddard shall fight any man in the world for \$5,000 a side and the largest purse. I am going to New Orleans and will meet Joe Goddard there.

BILLY MADDEN.

A NEW PACING RECORD.

Hal Pointer paced a mile at Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 16, in 2 minutes 14 seconds and beat the fastest mile ever paced, which was made by Johnston, October, 1891, at Chicago Westside Driving Park. As in the case of Nancy Hanes, who beat the universe as a trotter, Hal Pointer was hitched to a sulky with low wheels, pneumatic tires and ball bearings. Its weight was the same as that used by Doble in driving Nancy Hanes—494 pounds. A few yells went up here and there, a round of applause through the grand stand as 2:04 was hung out by the timers and that was all.

Hal Pointer is a bay gelding, sixteen hands high, sired by Tom Hall, out of Snowhaven.

"NORA MACHREE."

In "Nora Machree" Miss Sadie Scanlan, who appears at the People's Theatre this week, has a play exactly suited to her protean genius. She appears in the title role, and it affords her ample scope for the display of her versatility as an actress as well as to introduce a number of beautiful songs of her own composition. The character of Nora Machree is a reproduction of Irish life, and no one can give the proper coloring, the true touches of light and shade, unless thoroughly conversant with every detail the character demands and able to reproduce them.

AL LAWSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known baseball pitchers and managers in the country is Al Lawson, a portrait of whom appears on another page. Lawson is at the head of the New York Amateur Baseball Club, a clever team now playing in England.

PROF. RICHARD WALKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Prof. Richard Walker, whose portrait appears on another page, is a gentleman well-known in Perth, West Australia. He is a thorough sport, and takes great interest in all athletic exhibitions.

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we reproduce an excellent portrait of William H. Reynolds, backer of young Jack Skelly, the clever pugilist. Reynolds is a shrewd match maker and a business man of ability.

SAM W. GUMPERTZ.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sam W. Gumpertz, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is a theatrical man well known throughout the United States. He is general representative for the John D. Hopkins enterprises.

George Dixon and Jack Skelly. Elegant Cabinet Photographs of these two featherweights. Price, 10 cents each.

BOTH ARE IN FINE CONDITION

Sullivan and Corbett Training
Faithfully for their Fight.

EACH THINKS HE WILL WIN.

The question that is agitating sporting men is how the great contest between John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, and Jim Corbett, the California wonder, is going to end. Shrewd betting men are, strange to say, backing Corbett, who one would suppose their money would go on Sullivan. Among these men are Phil Dwyer, John McCormick, Dave Gidson, Alf Lakeland, Alf Smith, Jack McDonald and Matty Corbett, all well known turfmen and bookmakers. There are two reasons why these sporting men back Corbett. The first is they believe John L. Sullivan is not the gladiator he was several years ago; that he has been fighting for over a decade and has not the vitality left he should have owing to his following the motto: "As we journey through life let us live by the way." Second: the fact that Corbett defeated Kilrain in six rounds, while it took Sullivan seventy-five rounds to accomplish the same feat, and then Corbett fought Peter Jackson to a standstill, and then Jackson defeated Slavin in short order—after the latter had defeated Kilrain in nine rounds.

The assertion that Sullivan is not the great pugilist he was six years ago may be true, and the battle on Sept. 7 will settle that question, but trying to make Kilrain the trial horse whereby to judge Corbett's fighting abilities amounts to nothing. At the time Sullivan fought Kilrain the latter was not fit to fight; neither was Sullivan in condition to defeat a first-class man. This fact was clearly demonstrated by the battle, if it might be styled such. Sullivan was tired, and the excessive heat heavily handicapped his chances.

Not long after Kilrain fought Sullivan he met Corbett in a six-round contest. He was not by any means well, and trusted so much in his supposed ability that he did not prepare for the battle believing he had to meet a selling plater instead of a first-class, clever, active boxer. At the end of the six rounds Corbett was declared the winner. The contest was not a finished battle. Neither was Corbett, and Kilrain was willing to renew the contest in eight weeks for \$5,000. Slavin later defeated Kilrain fairly. Slavin's victory over Kilrain was more decisive than Corbett's because in the latter case Kilrain did not stop, neither was he knocked out, while Slavin did put him to sleep. Corbett's battle with Jackson was a creditable performance and the only line to gauge his fighting ability and stamina, and yet Peter Jackson was suffering from an injury, and still the honors were equally divided. The Jackson and Corbett contest proved that the latter was thoroughly game and possessed wonderful stamina, and it is upon his endurance that he expects to defeat Sullivan by tiring him out in the ring.

Prior to Sullivan fighting Charley Mitchell in France on March 10, 1888, it was claimed that if Sullivan did not defeat Mitchell in ten rounds Mitchell would win, because Sullivan could not stay. Sullivan did not win owing to the fact that he spent more time in pleasure than in working while training. He did not lose but he expended the theory that he could not fight for hours. Sullivan again, when he fought Kilrain, proved he was not only a great fighter but he possessed the staying powers now so necessary in battle encounters. If Corbett expects to outlast Sullivan in the ring the fight will necessarily be a long one. Sullivan will make the pace hot, his hard and often, and if Corbett stands up and mixes it with the champion, the battle will not be a protracted one.

The reason the Jackson and Corbett battle lasted so long, Jackson said, was owing to the fact that his sprained leg gave out, and he could not follow up advantages. By the way Jackson followed Slavin, who was supposed to be the best man in the world when he challenged Sullivan, Jackson's claim looks plausible. Corbett, on the other hand, claims he would have finished Jackson only that his hands gave way from continual blows which he landed on Jackson's head, and thus the matter stands.

Sullivan's admirers, Pat Sheedy, Charley Johnston, George H. Engeman, Capt. Ordway, of Boston, claim that if Sullivan only enters the ring in condition he will win. They admit Corbett is a clever boxer, but they do not believe he will be able to stand the heavy blows Sullivan will land, while they know that the Californian's hands are not tough enough to do much injury to Sullivan. Corbett has the advantage in height and length, and of reach, and probably he is more active in the ring, but the wonderful hitting powers of Sullivan, if he is strong, has plenty of wind and in condition, should win.

Sullivan has been battling in the prize ring since 1879, and during his wonderful fighting career he has never met with defeat, and has only been knocked down twice. He has met champions from all parts of the world, and in every battle he engaged in if he did not win he did not lose. He says that his coming contest with Corbett, if he wins, will be his last, and he is going to do his best to win. All reports about his not training faithfully are absurd. He is aware that if he wins he will receive a purse of \$25,000, the largest purse ever offered, and the largest amount of money two pugilists from Jack Broughton's time to date ever fought for, besides \$20,000 in stakes. Should Sullivan win, at the lowest calculation he will receive \$20,000—\$5,000 from the stakes and the purse. Should Corbett defeat Sullivan he will receive the purse and \$10,000 of the stakes, making \$25,000, his backers will only retain the \$10,000 they posted, but Corbett will have to defray his own training expenses.

The fight is now beginning to be the topic of conversation, and before many moons it will be settled whether John L. Sullivan still holds the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, or James Corbett. Should the latter win he will be kept busy in defending his title, for Peter Jackson, Joe Goddard and Frank P. Slavin are still in the race for the championship.

A local poet has sent the following:
All hail the power of Sullivan's name,
Let all boxers prostrate fall:
Bring forth champion's diadem
And crown him king of all.

No matter what any one may think of Sullivan personally, no one who has seen him, as I have, for the past two weeks, could help admiring his fortitude and grim determination to reduce his bulk and increase his strength and activity, in spite of all obstacles. One of his heels was badly chafed and a mosquito bit him on the toe when he was asleep. He picked it with his finger nail and it became very sore; so much so that he limped perceptibly when he walked; and yet I have seen him, swathed in heavy woollens and dressed in heavy clothes, go nine miles, twice a day, and come back as wet with perspiration that it fairly dripped from the ends of his fingers, while his shoes looked as though he had waded through the canal which connects the Peconic and Shinnecock Bays. After these pedestrian trips he would be rubbed down with coarse towels until his skin glowed like a pale cherry. Only those who have heard him say, after one of these rubbings, "Oh, how good a cold bottle would go now," can have any idea of the ordeal training is to a man of Sullivan's nature and tastes. To my mind, there is something heroic in his self-denial and his labor, for he recognizes fully that at his age, and with the theatrical prospects before him, his whole future hinges upon his defeating Corbett. He feels confident that he will win in a few rounds, and he is fitting himself to make them the most terrific ever seen in a ring. Since he shaved off his mustache his face looks thinner and more drawn than it did. The fat has been removed from his stomach, and he is a far more shapely man now than he was when he faced Jake Kilrain at Richburg.

Arthur A. Zimmerman, the American champion blood-brother, who made such a sensation by his wonderful speed

on a bicycle in England, and who frightened the mile record breaker, Osmond, from meeting him, has been representing the stars and stripes in Canada, and fairly surprised the Canadians by beating the best records ever made there. On August 13, at Toronto, Zimmerman entered in all the races of the Toronto Bicycle Club, and he promised he would beat their records in each event. The American champion even consented to be handicapped in the mile race, but he outrode every one and made a record for Canada in that. He was in splendid form. The best wheelmen Canada could produce were opposed to him, but he got away with them all and won every event in which he rode. In the quarter mile Zimmerman won the first heat, with G. M. Wells, of the Wanderers, second. Time, 33 seconds. The second heat was won by G. S. Low, of Montreal, with C. H. Callahan, of the Press Cycle Club of Buffalo, second. Time, 33 seconds. The third heat was won by Zimmerman in 33 seconds. The Canada record was 33 seconds. The half mile was easily won by Zimmerman, though he was handicapped. He won the final heat in 1:08, with W. S. Campbell, Springfield, Mass., second. The second heat was won by G. S. Low, Montreal, with C. H. Callahan, Buffalo, second. Time, 1:10. Zimmerman won the final heat in 1:08 4-5, with W. Hyslop, Toronto Club, second. The Canadian record was 1:12 5-8. The mile race was well contested, but Zimmerman won it easily. His time was 3:39 5-8. W. Hyslop, Toronto Club, was second. The Canadian mile record was 3:32.

Billy Plimmer, the 110-pound champion of England, sailed for England on August 12. Plimmer made his mark in America, and he was, I think, one of the best men at his weight who ever came from England to this country. Plimmer called at the POLICE GAZETTE office before his departure for England.

Pretty, dashing Frances Milford writes to the "Police Gazette" that she would like to be a jockey and emulate Garrison, Tarral and McLaughlin. She is an expert equestrienne and knows how to handle a horse. It is her ambition to come down the stretch in a whipping finish and land her horse about two lengths ahead of Fox, Goodale, Overton, Penny and other slim-waisted young men, who think they can ride. Miss Milford, after going to Chicago about a month ago, visited Washington Park and watched the flyers for several successive days. When she heard that jockeys made \$100 for winning a race, that settled it. She is a brown-haired, slim young lady of pleasant features. "In the first place, my weight is all right," she says. "I weigh just 110, and could train down, if necessary. I want to do something to make a living, and I believe I would make a jockey. Four years ago I was counted the best rider in St. Joe, and once I won a race at a county fair. I have run horses as fast as they could go and never was hurt yet. I do hope I'll get a job."

GOOD WORK AT THE OARS.

The annual regatta of the Middle States Rowing Association, at Passaic, N. J., on August 15, attracted nearly 15,000 spectators. Great interest was manifested in the affair, owing to the fact that Edwin Hedley, probably the fastest amateur sculler since Charles Courtney's time, was to meet Fred Hawkins, another amateur wonder with the oar. Hedley belongs to the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, while Hawkins is the champion of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and is credited with being able to row three miles fast enough to defeat Wm. O'Connor, John Towner, Edward Hanson or Jake Gaudard. He is a true or natural Hedley. Just before the start Hawkins was informed that he would have to row under protest if he started. Hawkins was protested at the National regatta held at Saratoga, and his case is pending decision. The protest was made to protect the association in case the Saratoga protest is sustained. Hedley got away well, and taking the lead won handsily from Hawkins, who evidently did not relish the protest. It appeared as if the Manhattan crew did not put in his best legs to win. This is the first time Hawkins ever lost a race on the Passaic course.

The following is a summary of the events and the results:
JUNIOR SINGLES—H. H. Seaton, Institute Boat Club, first; Fred Kiser, American Rowing Club, second; James Coughlin, Varuna Boat Club, third. Time, 9 minutes, 55 seconds.
SENIOR PAIR-OARED GIGS—Atlanta Boat Club, M. Law, bow; W. Law, stroke; J. Kieley, coxswain, first; Atlantic Boat Club, Hoboken, N. J.; H. G. Kuditch, bow; W. Treunkomp, stroke; A. Post, coxswain, second. Time, 9 minutes, 15 1/4 seconds.

JUNIOR DOUBLE SCULLS—Triton Boat Club, Newark, D. R. Ward and J. S. Vinson, first; Passaic Boat Club, W. H. Van Penthuyzen and Fred Gaisel, second. Time, 8 minutes 20 1/4 seconds.

SENIOR SINGLES—Edwin Hedley, Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, first; Fred Hawkins, N. J. C. second; E. J. Carney, Institute Boat Club, third. Time, 8 minutes 45 1/4 seconds.

INTERMEDIATE EIGHT-OARED SCULLS RACE—Atlanta Boat Club, New York City—W. F. Kieley, bow; H. Wood, No. 2; V. Brink, No. 3; H. L. Meyer, No. 4; J. A. Dunohue, No. 5; T. Phelan, No. 6; C. Donegan, No. 7; C. E. Donegan, stroke; E. C. Villaverde, coxswain, first. Passaic Boat Club, Yonkers, N. Y.—E. W. Jones, bow; H. L. Quick, No. 2; J. R. Moffat, No. 3; G. O. Fowler, No. 4; F. Weeden, No. 5; W. C. Hoff, No. 6; G. Reeves, No. 7; E. Martin, stroke; G. H. Stegman, coxswain, second; time, 7 minutes 30 seconds.

JUNIOR FOUR OARED GIGS—Dauntless Rowing Club, New York City—F. O. Whitfield, bow; E. L. Nelson, No. 2; J. V. Futhergill, No. 3; E. A. Monroe, stroke; J. J. McDonald, coxswain, first; Triton Boat Club, Newark, N. J.—O. E. Thurber, bow; Dr. T. Ripley, No. 2; Robert Osborn, No. 3; A. B. Harris, stroke; Harry Pollard, coxswain, second; Union Boat Club, New York City—T. A. Fitzsimmons, bow; F. Foster, No. 2; Al Wolf, No. 3; Al Brasin, stroke; G. Reynolds, coxswain, third; time, 9 minutes 1 1/4 seconds.

SENIOR DOUBLE SCULLS—Varuna Boat Club—George Freith, bow; Morgan Quill, stroke; first; Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia—John G. Park, bow; Edwin Hedley, stroke, second; New York A. C., third; time, 8 minutes 37 seconds.

INTERMEDIATE FOUR-OARED SCULLS—Institute Boat Club, Newark, N. J.; J. Gleason, bow; A. Hertig, No. 2; J. O'Connell, No. 3; J. L. C. Rogn, No. 4; P. H. McDermott, No. 5; A. J. Laneck, No. 6; W. H. Dunlop, No. 7; W. Goodbody, stroke; G. C. Johnson, coxswain, second. Time, 8 minutes 10 1/4 seconds.

INTERMEDIATE SINGLE SCULLS—R. E. L. Van Sant, Ariel Boat Club, had a walkover.

SENIOR EIGHT-OARED SCULLS—Passaic Boat Club, Yonkers, N. Y.—E. W. Jones, bow; H. L. Quick, No. 2; J. R. Moffat, No. 3; G. O. Fowler, No. 4; F. Weeden, No. 5; W. C. Hoff, No. 6; G. Reeves, No. 7; E. Martin, stroke; G. H. Stegman, coxswain, first. Atlanta Boat Club—W. F. Kieley, bow; H. Wood, No. 2; V. Brink, No. 3; H. L. Meyer, No. 4; J. A. Dunohue, No. 5; T. Phelan, No. 6; C. Donegan, No. 7; C. E. Donegan, stroke; E. C. Villaverde, coxswain, second. Triton Boat Club, Newark, N. J.—Charles Wills, bow; J. S. Vinson, No. 2; M. Milne, No. 3; D. R. Ward, No. 4; T. Keer, No. 5; A. E. Hazen, Jr., No. 6; D. R. Ward, No. 7; Cart Rutherford, stroke; W. H. Osborn, coxswain, third. Time, 7 minutes, 35 seconds.

W. H. Verdon, the well known sporting man of Dubois, Pa., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to try and make arrangements for Tom McCarthy, pugilist, of Dubois, Pa., to fight any 145-pound man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the largest purse offered by any athletic club. Verdon is also anxious to match McCarthy to fight Bill Slavin, Jim Daly, Jack Ashton, Jimmy Carroll, Bill Dunn or any pugilist who does not weigh over 145 pounds.

A magnificent Illustrated Catalogue, containing 264 pages and over 1,000 illustrations, sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. If you contemplate purchasing sporting or other goods you should have it. Will save you ten times the price. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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R. W. Toledo, O.—No.
F. T. Columbus, O.—No.
T. F. Baltimore, Md.—No.
S. W. F. Harrisburg, Penn.—No.
Hon. Roy, Long Island City—A wins.
G. E. G. South Fork, Pa.—Forty-seven rounds.
W. F. Bittersville—J must deal the cards again.
Reader, Blueburg, N. M.—I. John L. Sullivan. 2. Yes.
A. W. Ulka, N. Y.—I. Wm. O'Connor holds the title. 2. No.
G. G. Charleston, W. Va.—Thanks for letter. Keep up posted.
Ky. Havre de Grace, Md.—I. Certainly. 2. High counts out first.

CONSTANT READER—We have not a copy of "Burke's Peerage."

T. K. Vail, Iowa—The party on the left of the dealer cuts the cards.

P. S. Casky, Ky.—General admission will be \$10, reserved seats \$15.

S. W. G. Hagerstown, Md.—1. No. 2. Sizes are high in throwing poker dice.

D. C. Trenton, N. J.—Fitch is played precisely the same as regular all fours.

H. N. Blackville, Cal.—We cannot ascertain correct information on the subject.

E. H. Baltimore, Md.—It is impossible to give you an authentic answer on the subject.

T. W. C. Rahway, N. J.—Paddy Ryan has met John L. Sullivan three times in the ring.

O. M. Little Ferry, N. J.—The fastest time ever made in running 100 yards is 16 1/2 seconds.

T. W. J. Rome, N. Y.—Jack McAniff has never been beaten in the prize ring. 1. No.

W. S. G. Latonia, Ky.—We explained the matter fully in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

N. J. Oil City, Pa.—1. No. 2. Edward Hanlan visited Australia twice. 3. William O'Connor.

C. J. S. Dayton, O.—Crib, who fought Pilot, was not a game dog. Neither were any of his breed.

T. W. J. Philadelphia—1. The lowest deals in casino. 2. The card must be left on the table. 3. No.

S. New York City—1. Dexter and Ethan Allen trotted on the Fashion Course in the fall of 1868. 2. In 1869.

J. S. Albany, N. Y.—We have not the address of Duncan C. Ross. He was in India when we last heard of him.

J. M. S. Mackinac Island, Mich.—You fall to state at what distance. Do you mean half a mile or one hundred?

M. W. Taunton, Mass.—1. Billy Edwards only fought once with Jim Collins. 2. A wins. 3. Probably B meant Sam Collier.

J. C. Armour, S. D.—1. We cannot mail you the POLICE GAZETTE unless you remit. 2. Your item was too late for publication.

T. W. C. Baltimore, Md.—George Siddons, who fought E. I. Pierce, is not the same Siddons who was beaten by Arthur Chambers.

JACK E. Baltimore, Md.—Paddy Ryan was born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He is thirty-nine years of age.

SUBSCRIBER, Orange City, Mo.—Maud S.'s best time for trotting one mile is 2:08 1/4. Maud S.'s time is the fastest ever made over a circular track.

E. S. J. Norfolk, Va.—A straight flush is a sequence of five cards all of the same suit. Ace, king, queen, knave, ten is the highest straight.

M. A. E. Brooklyn, N. Y.—In San Francisco on Nov. 13, 1888, John L. Sullivan defeated Paddy Ryan in 8 rounds with gloves, knocking him out.

W. G. Jessup, Va.—The battle between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett ended in the referee ordering the fight stopped and deciding it no contest.

T. R. San Antonio, Tex.—Certainly they lose their standing as amateurs. The excuse that they did not know their opponents would not be entertained.

E. H. Topeka, Kan.—The population of New York State in 1890 was 4,997,848. New York City, 1,614,500. The population of Kansas in 1890 was 1,487,094.

W. F. Boston, Mass.—Paddy Ryan was twenty-nine years one month and eight days old when he fought John L. Sullivan at Mississippi City on Feb. 7, 1882.

W. E. Rochester, N. Y.—1. Jack McAniff and Jimmy Carney fought 87 rounds, according to Queensberry rules. 2. Four hours twenty-seven minutes.

REPTIC, Buffalo, N. Y.—Straights are not always played. It should therefore be determined whether they are to be admitted at the commencement of the game.

D. B. Mt. Holly, N. J.—1. We have no record of John Howard, of Bradford, Eng., ever accomplishing such a feat. 2. He jumped 59 feet 7 inches in a running jump.

A. B. C. Hoffman House, N. Y. City.—Sunol has trotted a mile faster than Maud S., but the former trotted on a kite-shaped track while Maud S. trotted on a circular track.

R. H. Asbury Park, N. J.—The battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell was governed by London prize ring rules; no gloves were used, and 80 rounds were fought.

W. F. Chicago, Ill.—Jam Macs appeared four times in a ring in this country to fight: twice with Joe Coburn, once with Tom Allen, and once with Ned O'Sullivan, the Irish Giant.

J. H. S. Boston, Mass.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan have met in a ring to fight three times. Once in Mississippi City, Miss., once in New York, and in San Francisco, Cal. 3. loses.

J. E. F. Milwaukee, Wis.—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought thirty-nine rounds when they fought in France. 3. Send 25 cents and we will send you the "Life of John L. Sullivan."

F. W. & McD., New York City.—Certainly every player must follow suit, if he can unless he chooses to trump. If he has no card of the suit led he is not compelled to trump, but may play a card of any suit he chooses.

J. R. White Plains, N. Y.—1. We do not know any one claiming that title. 2. Write to Col. Wm. R. Somerville, Western Union General Office, Broadway, New York.

M. J. C. Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Hyer never went to England to fight Bill Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher. 2. Tom Hyer, after he defeated Yankee Sullivan, did challenge The Tipton Slasher to fight for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side.

TURKIE, Philadelphia—1. The fastest time on record for running one mile by a horse in a race is 1 minute 37 1/2 seconds, made by Kidder, 21 pounds, at Monmouth Park over a circular track, on August 12, 1892. 2. The fastest time on record for running three-quarters of a mile by a horse is 1 minute 11 1/2 seconds, made by Queenie Trowbridge at Monmouth Park, N. J., on Aug. 12, 1892.

W. J. Washington, D. C.—Richard Ten Brock, the great turfman, died at San Mateo, Cal., on Aug. 1, 1892, in the eightieth year of his age. He began his turf career in 1835 and did not retire until 1887. He owned some of the best horses that ever ran in America and many of their records still stand. In 1857 he took a number of American-bred horses to England, and raced for several seasons, with moderate success, his greatest achievement being the winning of the Cesarewitch Handicap with Frodo, a daughter of his Gumpie, after a dead heat with

St. Hakim and Queen Boss. He became famous in England as the best matchmaker of his time, and repeat-day best the English turfmen with horses he bought in England. On his return to America he made his home and bred horses on a farm just outside of Louisville. He had been in bad health for a number of years, and for a time was an inmate of an insane asylum. S. J. Camden, N. J.—1. In 1888 Proctor Knott won the Futurity. 2. The following gives the winners of the Junior Champion Stakes:

Yr.	Winner.	Wt.	Jockey.	Time.
1884	Wanda	117	Olney	1:10 3/4
1885	San Fox	116	W. Hayward	1:11
1886	Tremont	118	J. McLaughlin	1:11 1/4
1887	Kingfisher	115	J. McLaughlin	1:11 1/4
1888	Proctor Knott	112	Barnes	1:14
1889	Protection	115	Barnes	1:20 1/4
1890	Straightdash	118	I. Murphy	1:16 1/2
1891	Sir Matthew	118	Barnes	1:13 1/4
1892	Don Alous	118	Siodan	1:13 1/2

R. D. Greenpoint, L. L.—Lampighter, the three-year-old, who won the Champion Stakes, was bred by James R. Keene. Lampighter was one the good two-year-olds of 1891. Started 15 times, won 6 races. He won the Optional Stakes at Monmouth Park (Jerome Park) 1/4 in 1:18, from a field of ten; won a sweepstakes from all aged horses, 1 mile, at Morris Park, in 1:45 1/4; won at 1 1/8 miles, at Baltimore, defeating Judge Morrow, Mare and others, in 1:52 1/4; won again at the same distance and place, beating Portchester, Isaac Lewis, etc., in 1:50 1/4; won at 6 furlongs at Washington in 1:15 1/4, with 118 pounds, and at the same distance at Monmouth Park. He ran second, beaten a neck, for the Carters Handicap, in front of Alons, Asa, Candalaria, King Cadmus, St. Florian and eight others; was second for the Prospect Stakes to Yorkville Belle, finishing in front of St. Florian, Daquest, Leonwell, Merry Monarch, Huron, Phil Dwyer and others; was third for the Algeria Stakes, and ran prominently in the Futurity Stakes and Great Eastern Handicap.

T. W. J. Yonkers, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The Dwyer Bros. won the Champion Stakes three times, with Luke Blackburn, Hindoo and Hanover. The following are the winners, age, weight, jockeys and time:

Year.	Winner.	Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Time.
1879	Spenshrift	3	108	Shelton	1:31
1880	Luke Blackburn	3	107	J. McLaughlin	1:34
1881	Hindoo	3	108	J. McLaughlin	1:38
1882	Sole	4	110	G. Barnes	1:40
1883	Moulter	4	110	W. Hayward	1:40 1/4
1884	Miss Woodford	4	112	J. McLaughlin	1:40 1/4
1885	Freelance	6	118	I. Murphy	1:40
1886	Volant	4	118	I. Murphy	1:40
1887	Hanover	3	109	J. McLaughlin	1:41
1888	Finer	4	116	E. Garrison	1:41
1889	Los Angeles	4	117	Barnes	1:42
1890	Salvator	4	120	I. Murphy	1:42 1/4
1891	Finer	4	118	Barnes	1:43 1/4
1892	Lampighter	3	109	Barnes	1:43 1/2

NATURAL, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.—1. Wendell Baker was considered the best sprint runner that was ever in Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. 2. Baker while on the cinder path won many prominent races, and in doing so was compelled to outfoot some of the cleverest runners in the country. His long strides had a telling effect in races over 100 yards. At one time, from 220 to 440 yards, he was considered the equal of anybody in the world. His record of 67 1/4 for 440 yards, made at Boston on July 1, 1884, on a straight track, still stands as the best on record. Another runner claimed to have covered the distance in 47 3/4, but the time is not regarded as accurate. Mr. Baker began his career by winning the 100, 220, and 440 interscholastic races. Then he carried off the interscholastic races at 220 and 440 yards. He fell in the 100 yards dash because of his failure to make a good start. He is a tall man and rather awkward runner, and requires plenty of time to get into his natural long stride. Mr. Baker's best performances, aside from his 440 yards record, are at 80 yards, 100 yards, 110 yards, 120 yards, 130 yards, 140 yards, 150 yards, 160 yards, 170 yards, 180 yards, 190 yards, 200 yards, 210 yards, 220 yards, 230 yards, 240 yards, 250 yards, 260 yards, 270 yards, 280 yards, 290 yards, 300 yards, 310 yards, 320 yards, 330 yards, 340 yards, 350 yards, 360 yards, 370 yards, 380 yards, 390 yards, 400 yards, 410 yards, 420 yards, 430 yards, 440 yards, 450 yards, 460 yards, 470 yards, 480 yards, 490 yards, 500 yards, 510 yards, 520 yards, 530 yards, 540 yards, 550 yards, 560 yards, 570 yards, 580 yards, 590 yards, 600 yards, 610 yards, 620 yards, 630 yards, 640 yards, 650 yards, 660 yards, 670 yards, 680 yards, 690 yards, 700 yards, 710 yards, 720 yards, 730 yards, 740 yards, 750 yards, 760 yards, 770 yards, 780 yards, 790 yards, 800 yards, 810 yards, 820 yards, 830 yards, 840 yards, 850 yards, 860 yards, 870 yards, 880 yards, 890 yards, 900 yards, 910 yards, 920 yards, 930 yards, 940 yards, 950 yards, 960 yards, 970 yards, 980 yards, 990 yards, 1,000 yards.

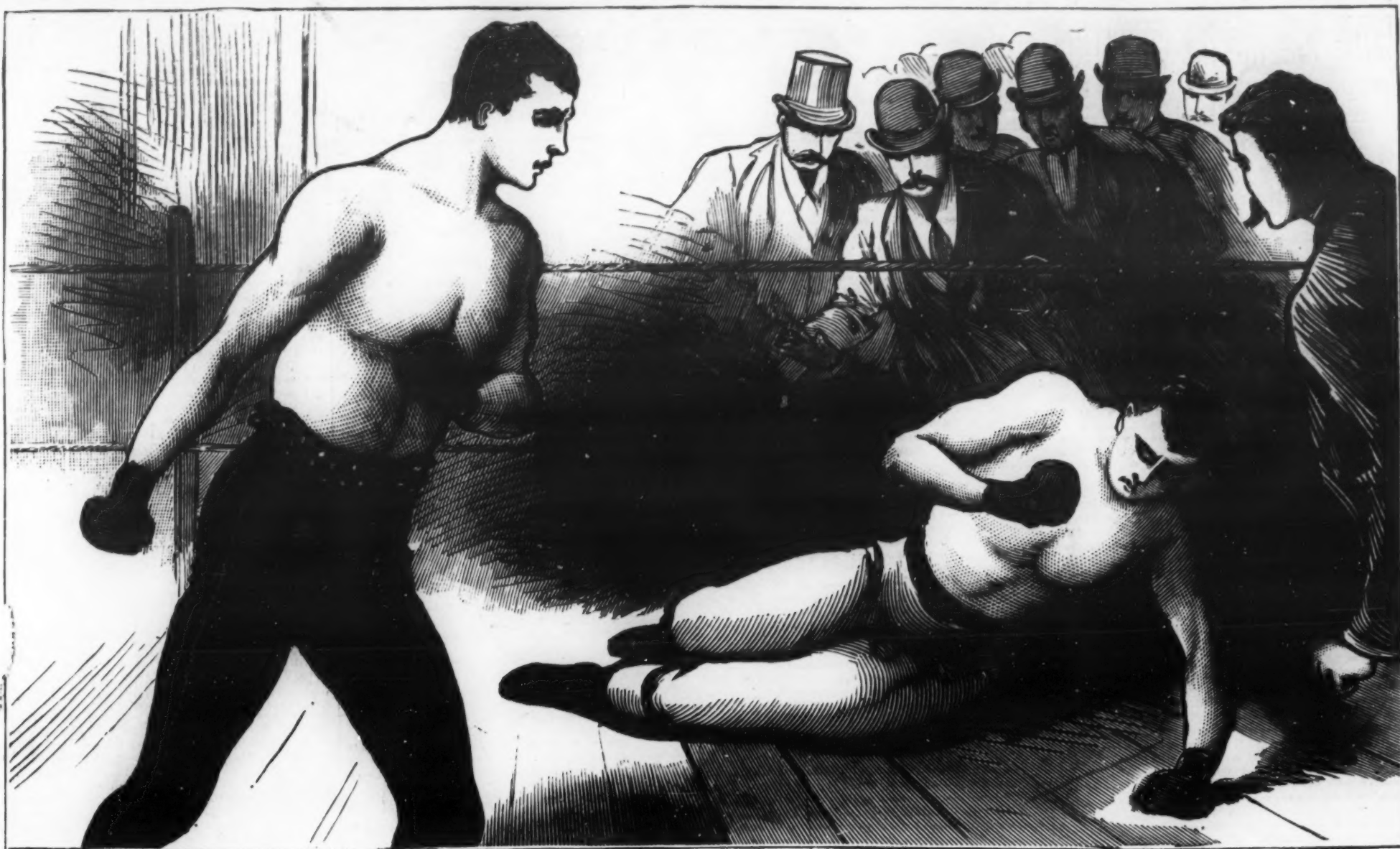
EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—I promised when I left New York I would keep you posted. I have seen London and Paris by day and night and will be glad when I reach New York. Before two weeks elapse the great match between Jim Hall and Ted Pritchard will be decided and either Hall will be \$1,000 (that is \$5,000 in American money) richer or Pritchard will still pose as unbeaten. All the stakes are posted, both men are in first-class condition, and I expect there will be a stubborn battle no matter who wins.

Pritchard is the favorite, and English turfmen and members of the clubs I have been introduced to claim he is the best man England has produced since Tom Sayers's time.

This is hardly fair on Jim Mace, who is still living here, for I think, notwithstanding Sayers fought fifteen battles, that Mace in his day was Sayers's equal, and I doubt if Pritchard is as great a pugilist as Jim Mace. But what is the difference? We have the greatest pugilists in the world in America in Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, McAniff and Dixon, although my money will back Jim Hall to fight Bob Fitzsimmons if Hall defeats Pritchard, but "Police Gazette" rules must govern, for when pugilists fight by these rules draws don't come in.

The Sullivan and Corbett fight is creating considerable talk here. Charley Davies, Joe Choyinski, Peter Jackson and myself will leave for New York by the first steamer after Hall and Pritchard fight, for we want to see the Sullivan and Corbett contest.

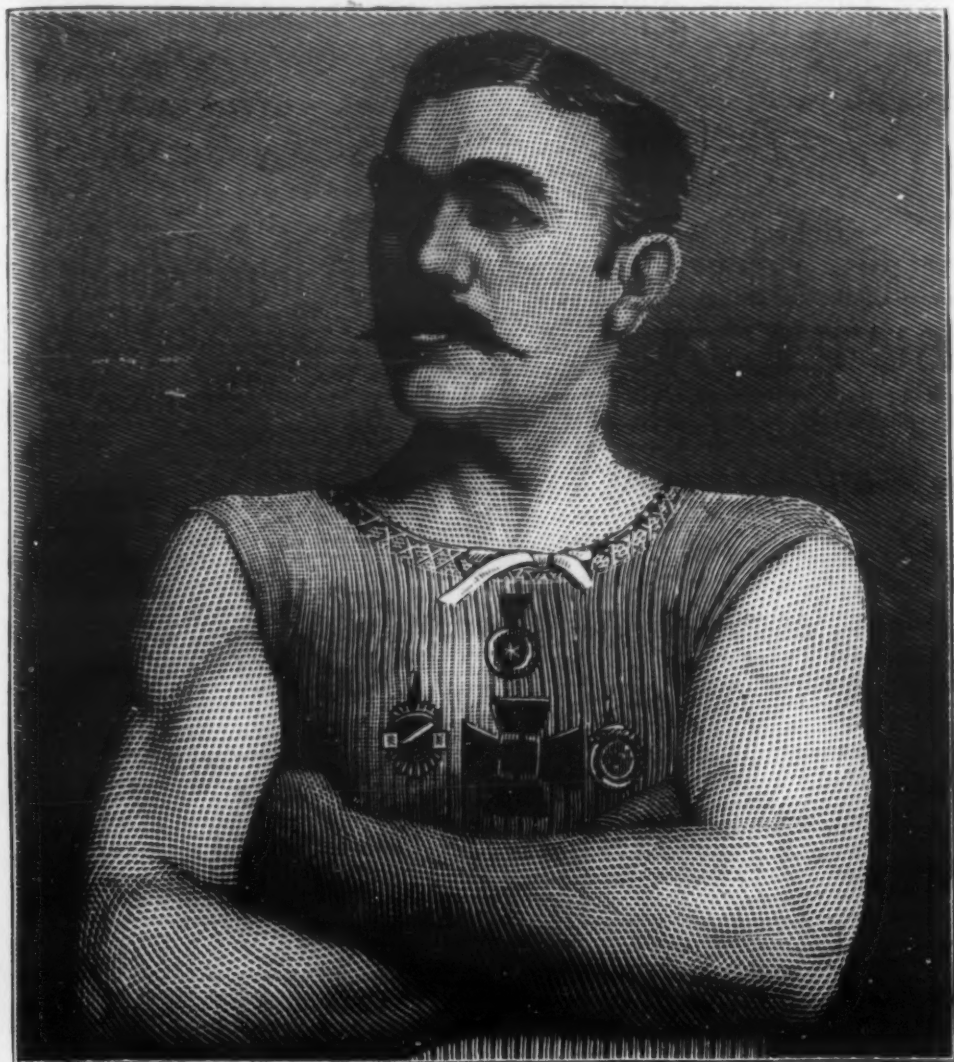
I met Richard K. Fox. He is just as busy here as he is in New York, writing, securing portraits and offering prizes for competition. He gave an elegant cup



TED PRITCHARD KNOCKED OUT
AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, IN FOUR ROUNDS, BY JIM HALL, THE SHIFTY AND LONG-REACHING AUSTRALIAN.



WAS IT A FISHY KISS?
A NAUGHTY FISH STRIKES UP A SHARP FLIRTATION WITH MISS KATIE SMUCK, AT HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.



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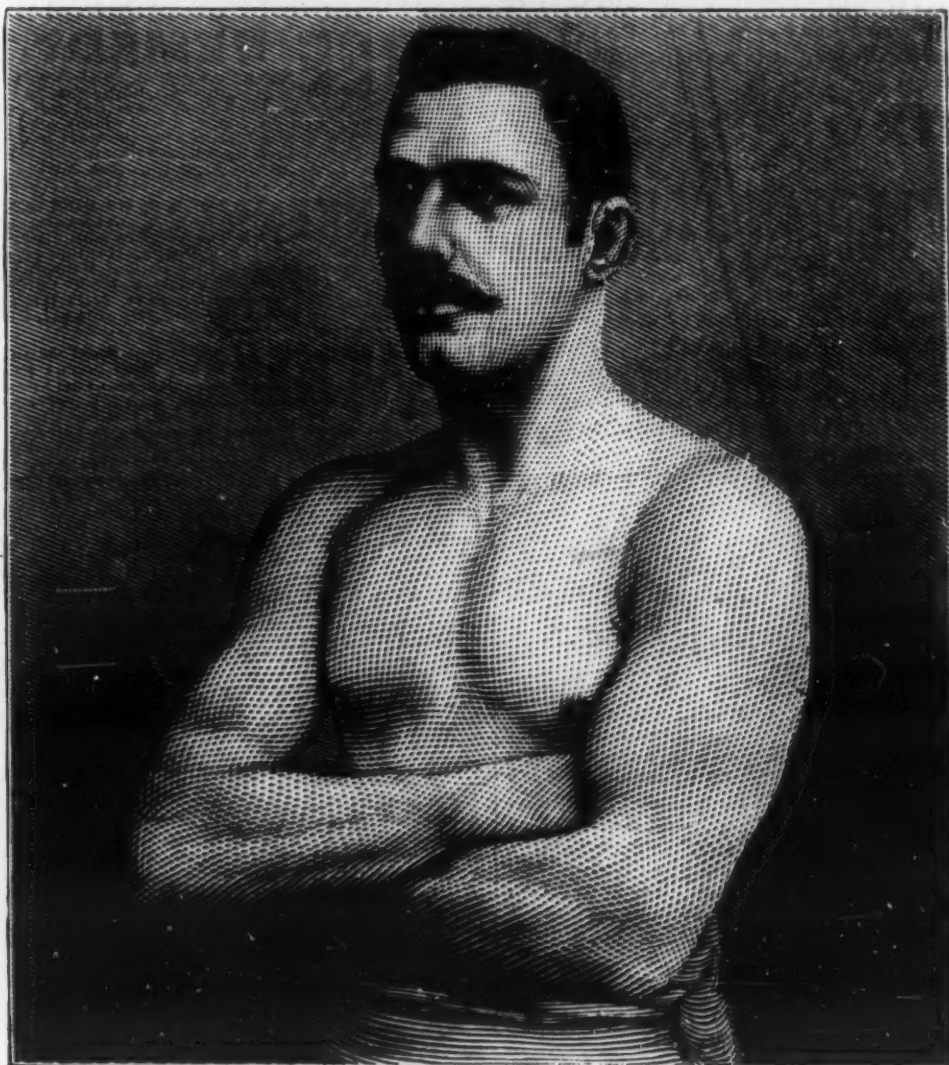
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IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS!

No. 784 of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to be published on or about SEPT. 7, will contain full account and illustrations of the **MYER-McAULIFFE**

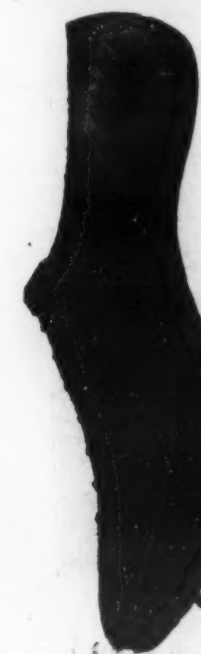
contest in New Orleans, on Monday evening, Sept. 5. Copy for this issue must be in by Friday noon, Sept. 2.

No. 785 of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to be published on or about SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, will contain illustrations and full reports of the

DIXON-SKELLY

—AND—
SULLIVAN-CORBETT

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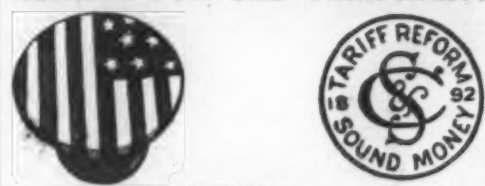
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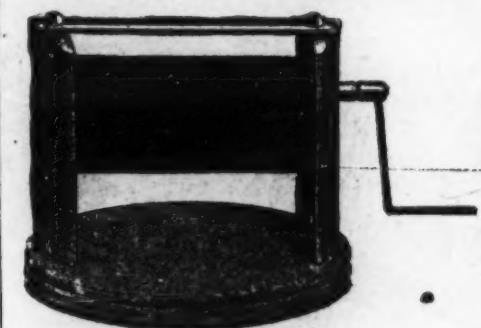
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